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LITERATURE.

The Life of John Milton: Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Times. By David Masson, LL.D. Vol. VI. 1660-74. (Macmillan & Co.)

WE heartily congratulate Prof. Masson on the satisfactory termination of his herculean task. It is given to comparatively few men to carry out in all its entirety the plan of a great literary work which extends, if we mistake not, in his case, over some thirty or more years. The concluding volume is, if possible, more interesting as regards Milton himself than any or all of the former ones, since it embraces that period of the poet's life with which hitherto the public at large have been undoubtedly the least acquainted. But, on the other hand, as regards the political part of the present volume, we confess to a grave disappointment at the meagre manner in which this equally interesting portion of the subject has been treated. To explain briefly what we mean we need only point out that the history of Scottish and Irish affairs here given us absolutely stops at the year 1661, and for the last thirteen years of Milton's life the state of those countries is left entirely to the reader's imagination. This is, we venture to think, a mistake arising not so much from any paucity of materials on which to work as from an apparent desire to hasten, even in the English political part, to the conclusion of a task which had grown somewhat—and, we think, only naturally—irksome and oppressive. Although, as we have said, there is no lack of original papers and correspondence illustrative of this period of Scottish and Irish history, yet they have been so little used or appreciated by former writers that we had hoped the more from the hitherto unflagging activity and industrious zeal displayed by Milton's latest biographer in hunting up and reproducing to the best advantage any sources of information, however obscure and hard to come at. It may be that for Scottish contemporary history the pages of Wodrow and Calderwood are considered sufficient for the reader; but these are eminently ecclesiastical, and necessarily so partial to the cause of the people that the other side—that of the Government, and its able policy in playing off the several nobles and chieftains one against another—is to this day left without a lucid exponent or impartial writer. The brief notices we get in the first chapter of Prof. Masson's sixth volume of the future Archbishop of St. Andrews, James Sharp, in his Covenanting days are extremely interesting, though not so full as they might be. Setting out from London on May 4, Sharp arrived at Breda

on the 8th, and therefore, as Prof. Masson omits to tell us, he had a week's start of the Parliamentary Commissioners, and actually left the Court the day before they arrived. And we must not altogether accept the statement that what passed between Sharp and his Majesty no one really knows. For we have Sharp's own account, in his letter of May 29 to Provost Wood (Add. MS. 23114, f. 1).

"I had from the King an acceptance of as much kindness and respect as I could have wished, and an opportunity to give a full account of all the late transactions and of the condition of our Church and nation. He was pleased to admit me five or six times to private conferences, in which he did express a great affection to Scotland and a resolution to restore us to our former liberties. I wondered to hear him speak of all the passages as to persons and things whilst he was in Scotland with as full a remembrance and exact knowledge as if they had been recently acted and he had lately come from thence. However his Majesty may be influenced as to the settling of religion in England (which, I fear, through the prejudice of this people against that uniformity which was covenanted for, will not be such as we wish), yet what the Lord hath wrought in Scotland will be perfected and not altered by his Majesty."

Sharp, we may be sure, while thus basking in the smiles of royalty, was enjoying to the full his revenge for his unceremonious expulsion from England by the Council of State less than twelve months before, and the stern and peremptory order to him to forbear from all political intermeddling, and to confine himself strictly to the duties of his calling.

The lengthy account of the trial of the Regicides and excepted persons is given with Prof. Masson's usual care and explicitness of detail; but he fails to tell us the reasons why Sir Gilbert Pickering, one of the most active and influential Councillors of the Protector Oliver, escaped with comparative immunity, or why Sir John Swinton of Swinton was so eagerly sought after and so rigorously proscribed. Indeed, we are left in the dark altogether as to the ultimate fate of the latter through the abrupt termination of Scottish history at the close of the year 1661. The fact is, Sir Gilbert Pickering, being a cousin of the first wife of the Earl of Lauderdale, had been very instrumental in saving the estates of the Earl and the dower of the Countess from the grasping greediness of Swinton, of Swinton to whose portion they had fallen out of the forfeited estates in Scotland. Also the wife of Sir Gilbert Pickering had supplied the Earl with money from time to time during his captivity at Windsor, and by her influence had rendered his imprisonment less rigorous. When, therefore, the times were changed, the Lauderales gratefully protected and made interest for their former friends, and at the same time took a very natural revenge on the enemy, Swinton, who had so bitterly wronged them. It is curious to note among the excepted persons the name of Serjeant Keble, who narrowly escaped being included among the Regicides and sharing their terrible fate, and yet was the ancestor of John Keble, the author of *The Christian Year* and almost a worshipper of the memory of Charles I.

In the account of the restoration of Episcopacy and of the Conference of divines at Worcester House in October 1660, Prof. Masson passes over in silence the part taken in this question by Morus, the old antagonist of Milton, and by the other leading Protestant divines of the French Church. Through the agency of Daniel Brevint, a Jersey man, formerly chaplain to Marshal Turenne, and made by Charles II. when in Paris his own chaplain and Prebendary of Durham, these French ministers were set on at the Restoration to write for Episcopacy in England. Sir Robert Moray, who in June 1660 was still lingering in Paris waiting for a royal summons to return to London, took up the subject very warmly, and had several conferences himself with Morus and his colleagues, and his opinion (Add. 23114, f. 6) was that "there cannot be a fairer opportunity wished (excepting only a National Synod) to have the judgment of the French divines in this matter, nor is there anything more advantageous than to have their judgment." As to unlimited Episcopacy in place of Archbishop Ussher's famous model of Episcopacy under the restraints of Presbyterianism Moray's criticism is very strong.

"This Nehushtan that hath long obtained amongst Christians of preeminence and dignity is so consonant to Original Sin, that it slides easily into flesh and blood, else it had never been the stair by which Anti-Christ scaled not only the top of the Church, but the very heavens, to put on the roof-stone upon his Babel-Babylon."

It was for his services at this crisis that Morus was invited afterwards into England for a visit to the English Court, and hence his letter to Lauderdale on New Year's Day, 1661, for his writing which Prof. Masson, on p. 421, can find no reason.

It is amusing to notice the honest scorn and contempt of Milton's latest biographer for the religious ceremonies on the coronation day of Charles II.—"A venerable archbishop and a body of good and learned bishops about him had done their blasphemous utmost; and is it God or Mephistopheles that governs the world?"—for if we turn back to vol. v., pp. 148-49 and 302-7, we find approving commendations of the august manner and regal pomp of the second protectorate of Oliver. That which had been a solemn installation of poetic significance in the one case becomes a "blasphemous utmost" in the other. A very interesting bibliographical fact is given us on p. 188. The anonymous tract *Eikon Aklastos* is traced to its hitherto unknown author, Joseph Jane, "a lawyer of some kind;" in reality he was brother-in-law to Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State, and probably wrote the work at his instigation. A large number of original letters from Jane to Nicholas still exist among the Nicholas papers and correspondence in the British Museum. It is very unfortunate that Prof. Masson should in his account of the *Eikon Basilike* have departed from his usual admirable mode of going fully into a disputed question, and weighing carefully the pros and cons, by rejecting finally all the evidence on both sides for the authorship, and urging instead his own dogmatic opinion,

"viz., that Gauden, if he was not the author of the *Eikon Basilike*, was the maddest and most

impudent liar and impostor in English history, and that Clarendon, who could have exposed him, crushed him, made him bite the earth or stand in a pillory, was his soft-headed dupe, and a sheer idiot and coward in the whole business."

This may be forcible and strong language, but it is not calm logical reasoning or convincing argument. So far from the case being untenable since the discovery of the North papers, it is exactly those papers that prove Gauden's story to be a concocted lie and a miserable forgery from beginning to end. There is no need to call for any witnesses for the King or against Gauden from any other quarter; he stands self-convicted out of his own mouth. His letters to Clarendon on December 28, 1661, and to the Duke of York, January 17, 1662, and his petition to Charles II. undated but from internal evidence written before March 20, 1662, are found, not in the possession of the persons to whom they were addressed or of their descendants, but in the keeping of the person who penned them. Are they then merely drafts of the actual letters sent to his correspondents, or are they the originals intended to be forwarded, but never sent? The two letters were actually found folded up, enclosed in envelopes, directed to the respective correspondents, and sealed with the bishop's family arms. The envelopes of both letters are torn half off, but enough remains to enable us to make out the superscription. It is hardly fair of Prof. Masson to quote this letter to Clarendon as a genuine one on which any argument can be founded, because Clarendon never received it; and surely no man but a forger would make copies of letters he never intended to send, fold them up, direct them, seal them, and then partially destroy them. The true reason, in our opinion, why Clarendon did not expose Gauden was not that "he was Gauden's soft-headed dupe, and a sheer idiot and coward in the whole business," but that Clarendon had been told of Gauden's claim by Charles II., who imposed secrecy on him—a secrecy only too faithfully kept till he received, at the close of his life, Bishop Morley's message. Charles II., at the Conference of divines at Worcester House, made use of the ill-timed expression—"All that is in that book [*i.e.*, the *Eikon Basilike*] is not gospel;" meaning simply that he did not hold its words as sacred as the Bible. Gauden, who was present, saw his opportunity to ingratiate himself with Charles, and instantly resolved to claim it as his own work. Charles, at this time a crypto-Catholic, was only too glad to escape from the reproaches of his conscience, awakened by the forcible words of his father, quoted to him from the *Eikon*, to be steadfast in his adherence to the Protestant Church of England. He therefore not only listened to, but supported Gauden's claim by informing Clarendon and Bristol of it, but pledging them to secrecy. The Duke of York, who was with Charles when Gauden made his claim, as the Bishop tells us, naturally as a Roman Catholic imitated his brother's example; and Clarendon, who, it must be remembered, being out of England at the time of the publication, could know nothing from his own observation of its true history, was forced to accept what Charles told him.

Again Prof. Masson forgets that, at the very time of Gauden setting up his claim, the whole disturbance caused by the marriage of Clarendon's daughter to the Duke of York was taking place, and their eldest child was born on the very day of the Worcester House Conference, and in the house itself. Was it likely that Clarendon, in the distress he was in at this time, added to all his official business, could find time or patience to listen to or enquire into the story of a disappointed prelate ill satisfied with his reward for a few literary services to the royal cause, and clamorous for more? In the account of Gauden's writings during the Protectorate, on p. 424, there is an evident misprint of 1665 for the date of his "Petitionary Remonstrance to Oliver Cromwell."

In the account of the changes in the Ministry in October 1662, we are told that Sir Edward Nicholas was induced to retire from his Secretaryship with £10,000 as a compensation. In reality, he was absolutely forced to retire by Charles, as nothing could induce him to retire willingly. The King offered to make him a baron, but, in his indignant wrath at being shelved, he would have nothing to say to it, nor would he permit any mention of his successor in the official newsbook, and Charles actually wrote the account of the change with his own hand.

The whole history of *Paradise Lost*, its beginning before the Civil Wars, its gradual progress, its meaning, and its several editions, are all related in an admirably lucid and instructive manner. No word-painting in all the six volumes is at all comparable to the description (on p. 524) of the universe, as revealed to us by modern science. It is an exquisitely poetical description in admirably chosen language, and displays to perfection the startling advances of the present century on the crude and mystical ideas of astronomy entertained by our forefathers.

In the interesting account of the natural children of Charles II., on p. 605, is a story of a certain son named James, supposed to be the eldest of all the King's offspring. There are some very curious documents among the papers of Luigi Gualterio, Nuncio at Naples 1744-53, relating apparently to this man and his posthumous son James Stuart, the latter of whom claimed to be the heir of the Royal Family of Stuart of England in the year 1752, and who furnished the Nuncio with his genealogy and a certificate of the marriage of his father, James Henry de "Bove Stuardo," with Donna Teresia Corona of Naples.

In his description of *Samson Agonistes*, Prof. Masson has very ably and clearly shown how, by reading between the lines, we get a perfect autobiography of the principal events in the poet's life, without any overstraining of the Biblical narrative for a personal purpose. Yet such an autobiography is by no means sufficient for those who desire an intimate knowledge of him whom his latest biographer aptly designates the Genius of Puritanism; and Prof. Masson amply deserves all the gratitude and ungrudging praise which will undoubtedly be awarded him by all lovers of the history of their country for his unwearied and successful

efforts to raise Milton to his proper position among the greatest men not only of his own time and country, but of all ages and peoples.
EDWARD J. L. SCOTT.

CAROLINE VON LINSINGEN.

*Caroline von Linsingen, die Gattin eines englischen Prinzen. Ungedruckte Briefe und Abhandlungen aus dem Nachlasse des Freiherrn K. v. Reichenbach, herausgegeben und mit einer Einleitung versehen von * * *. (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot; London: Nutt.)*

In publishing this singular volume, the editor claims to reveal a secret which has been kept for nearly a century. While doing so, he has chosen, whether wisely or unwisely, to withhold his name. For this he offers an apology in the prefatory words of the book. He writes:—

"As will, with justice, be asked, how comes it that the editor has gained possession of this information, these facts which have a claim to be held authentic? And who may the editor be? Why does he choose an anonymous garb? To this last question I shall at once give answer. If my name be now hidden, it will not long remain so; of that I am convinced. At present I would crave permission to retain the mask, that the effect of what is said from behind it may suffer no damage. Judgment being passed upon the subject-matter itself, and upon that only, the verdict given to these pages will be the more an impartial one. When that shall have been pronounced, I will gladly set my name upon the title-page."

Caroline von Linsingen, so this book tells us, was none other than the unrecognised first wife of our own sovereign William the Fourth. From these seven of her private letters we learn the whole sad story of her *mésalliance*, and of the bitter grief and anguish which ensued. The editor finds the tale so touching, so full of sentimental interest, that these qualities wholly outweigh any scruples which might have suggested themselves to him before he decided to send it to the press. For him it is nothing but a highly romantic episode; he claims the privilege of adding another portrait to the gallery of his famous countrywomen. If Caroline von Linsingen be a reality, there is certainly much to interest Englishmen in her figure. To our thinking, however, it will need other proof than these letters can yield to set her identity beyond question.

Caroline von Linsingen, so her biographer, Baron Reichenbach, relates, was born in Hanover on November 27, 1768. Her father, General von Linsingen, held a commission in the 12th Hanoverian Infantry Regiment. His relations with the House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz were of a most intimate character. He accompanied the Princess Sophie Charlotte to England on the occasion of her betrothal to King George the Third, and for three years he remained at the English Court. The Queen continued to show him much kindness, treating him quite as a personal friend. She had always offered to take his daughter Caroline under her care, and promised to give her a post at Court as one of her maids of honour. When Caroline had reached the age of fourteen this offer was renewed. The child's grandmother,

however, was unwilling to allow her granddaughter to leave home until her education had become in every way more complete. So she remained in Germany. On April 13, 1790, the young Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, arrived in Hanover on a visit to General von Linsingen, who had travelled with him from England. He met with a very cordial reception. A certain Lord Dutton is mentioned as being among his suite. There is surely an error here, for at the time in question no such person will be found in the list of English peers. Dutton is the surname of Lord Sherborne, and, if the Prince's companion was a member of this family, he was probably at that time only the Hon. Mr. Dutton. A Lord Dutton there has never been; it reminds one of George Sand's historic "Sir Brown." The Prince on seeing Caroline straightway lost his heart. In the first of her letters—in the one addressed to Teubner, her son-in-law—Caroline thus tells of her meeting with the young English Prince.

"William came with my father and brought me a letter from his royal mother, and a shawl-pin with her initials in diamonds. It was on April 13 that I first saw him: in July we already knew that by death alone our love could have its end. No sooner did my beloved father become aware of the position in which we stood to each other than he straightway sought to part us, himself appealing to the Queen in the matter. Yet she, who was so fearful for the ardent blood of her son William, took the matter but lightly—she knew nothing of love, and begged my father to let this dallying (*tändeln*) continue. She thought with complacency that her son's fancy for me at this the most critical period of his youth might serve to keep his virtue intact. None dreamed that for two lives it meant the utter wreck of all their joy."

Then follows an epitome of the succeeding events. We cannot do better than quote the sentences which the heroine herself has written.

"A year later I at last yielded to William's irresistible entreaties, and, in the presence of Ernst [her brother] and Dutton, we were made one at the altar by a Scotch minister, who afterwards went to Washington and who was greatly attached to William.

"Naught, naught of our bliss! Words can never describe it; and my heart is rent, is torn! Only after thirteen months did we disclose our secret to my father, when William had also written home to his parents. This would not yet have been done had not others urged his return to England. For the King was ailing; the Prince of Wales lay sick with a wasting fever; the Duke of York, through his excesses, had earned the hatred of both kindred and nation; William it was who should shine upon his parent's throne. My father at once went to London himself. In two months William followed him; and to me the explanation was given that I formed the obstacle to my beloved one's happiness. As if I believed it! Ah! I knew too well the heart in which I lived and had my being."

It now became evident that the two must be separated. Tears, vows, entreaties, all were of no avail. The English Court could never recognise a marriage of this kind; it was one to which the Prince's parents were wholly blind. Caroline was taken by her father to Cassel, and from thence to Driburg. The anxiety and mental anguish which she suffered resulted in the still-birth of her child.

While she was at Driburg, during her illness, the Prince re-appeared, to renew his vows of constancy, urging her to be firm and on no account to submit to a divorce. But, from a letter of the Queen's that he brought with him, it was plain that the English Court entirely refused to countenance the marriage, even if they admitted its legality. With the Prince's departure came the final leaving-taking; the lovers were never to meet again. For Caroline, all joy had been taken from her life. Her illness assumed a far graver form, and culminated in a trance, from which she was restored by a clever young physician, a Dr. Meineke. Three years later she became his wife; all recollection of the Prince was thus effaced; the first marriage was as if it had not been. Her daughter Jettchen married one Teubner; and to him Caroline in her last years penned the greater portion of these extraordinary Werther-like letters, pitched as they are in a truly hyper-sentimental key. They retell the great and absorbing romance of her youth; in writing them she, as it were, revives the ecstasies of her early love. At the age of forty-six she died at Blansko on January 31, 1815.

This, then, is the brief outline of her history. Shall we believe it, or is it false? The editor of these letters evidently has perfect faith in their authenticity. He seeks to rank his heroine among the rest of the great German women, to make her love-episode gain the sympathy and admiration of all. So far as we are concerned, he fails. The weak point in the whole story, as a romance, is the fact that Caroline marries again. With a love such as hers was, or as she asserts it to have been, such a course was absolutely impossible. To be consistently great, she should have proudly wrapped herself in the mantle of her grief, thus passing in mournful silence from the scene. This would have been the proper close to her life; the calm dignity of such silence would have formed the fittest rebuke to the Prince who had basely deserted her. Yet Caroline deliberately takes another husband, just as any matter-of-fact elderly widow might do. Apparently no special compulsion is used; she voluntarily accepts Meineke, by whom she has two children. After so commonplace a proceeding as this, it is useless for her biographer to insist upon the infinite "poetry of her life-story," or to believe that "her truly tragic fate will lay claim to our pity," or "that at the least it must gain the appreciative sympathy of posterity."

As an historical heroine, therefore, Caroline von Linsingen falls decidedly into the second rank. Nevertheless, her letters, as letters, will interest many Englishmen; the fact alone that an English Prince plays the chief part in the whole romance will probably secure for the volume an attention beyond its deserts as a piece of literature. Yet we must receive such a book with every caution; tales such as these need strong and thorough confirmation before they can be cleared of the usual suspicion which they inevitably excite. If a forgery, this is undoubtedly a very clever one. Simply as an episode in royal life, it will gain readers and enthusiasts enough, whether it be genuine or whether it be a myth.

As we understand, the letters are to appear shortly in an English dress.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

Jungle Life in India, By V. Ball, M.A. (De la Rue & Co.)

It was certainly a happy thought which induced Mr. Ball to supplement the numerous geological reports penned by him during the last fifteen years with a popularly written description of his ramblings through some of the most unfrequented districts of India. Most Anglo-Indians find time to write more or less bulky official reports, which a paternal Government prints with the most zealous regularity; but few have the opportunity of travelling over so extended an area as Mr. Ball, and fewer still find time, after the day's work, to keep so lively a record of their travels as he has done. His book appears in the shape of a diary, a fact which may be held by some to detract from its literary merit, but which serves to give us a capital notion of the every-day life of a surveyor. We feel we are not reading the slowly moulded views of a district officer, which may be more or less influenced by those among whom he is permanently located, but the impressions of one who is come to-day and gone to-morrow, whose special faculty is that of quick scientific observation; who is always anxious, as a good geologist should be, to see for himself, and not to accept *data* on hearsay evidence; and whose journeys from the Central Provinces to the Himalayas, and from Afghanistan to the Nicobars, have imparted a breadth of view and experience of no common order. The chief value of his general observations, we take it, is to give us an idea of the life spent by some of the semi-savage tribes with which the jungles and more secluded districts of India are peopled. Mr. Ball's conclusion respecting these seminomadic tribes is that

"their normal condition, with their scanty cultivation, reaches a depth of poverty barely removed by the narrowest of margins from absolute destitution. In short, there are in India probably many millions of people whose means of subsistence are almost identical with those of the beasts that inhabit the jungles where they also live. The same wild fruits and leaves furnish the staple food of both. One thing may be pointed out, however, as being in their favour when compared with the cultivating ryots—they are less affected by famines. The jungles produce their ordinary food whether there is drought or abundant rain."

At Chaibassa (Singbhum) the author came across a resident official who seems to have been a very pattern civilian. Most Bengal officers look upon this station in the light of a penal settlement; but this gentleman had so far identified himself with the Hos, as the inhabitants are called, that he had learnt to play their national airs on the tom-tom, and used himself to join at times in their national dances. These accomplishments were, however, but a small part of his virtues.

"His house was open to all who came into the station to market. His knowledge of, and intercourse with, these people were the means of his often acting as adjudicator in disputes which among Hindus and under a less patriarchal system would have blossomed into cases before

the court. Thus a great amount of vexatious litigation which would give rise to ill-feeling—to be perpetuated, perhaps, for generations—was put a stop to at an early stage. In domestic matters, even of a most delicate nature, my friend was also often the referee, and the amount of confidence and attention paid to his *ex-officio* decisions was simply marvellous."

We hear so much nowadays of Englishmen living a life among themselves and eschewing all intercourse with the natives that bright exceptions like these deserve prominent notice.

The author seems, on the whole, to have experienced hospitable treatment from the Rajas and other natives of position with whom he was from time to time brought into contact. On the other hand, many of the native Government officials seem to have had an unpleasant knack of making themselves as obstructive and disagreeable as possible. Supplies were on more than one occasion withheld, false charges trumped up against Mr. Ball's followers, and a general spirit of "cantankerousness" displayed by these native jacks-in-office. On another occasion, when entering the town of Ungul, in Orissa, Mr. Ball requested that two rooms in a good and substantial bungalow, in the occupation of the tehsildar or native magistrate, might be placed at his disposal. This request was refused, as the native was a Hindu, and his family were residing there with him. Consequently Mr. Ball had to encamp under a tent in the open. Subsequently, however, he discovered that the tehsildar had only been permitted to occupy the house on the express condition that he should vacate half of it to any official traveller requiring lodging. Mr. Ball cites this in illustration of the social relations subsisting between natives and Europeans, and adds that on this text much might be written. We certainly wish that people like Mr. Ball would give us the benefit of their views on the subject, for, while the extended employment of the native throughout all grades and branches of the Civil Service is so sedulously advocated, it is as well that these little idiosyncrasies in their temperament should be more generally known.

From the extracts cited it must not be supposed that the scope of the book is uniformly grave and didactic. Anecdotes of sport and travel, stories illustrative of the manners and customs of the natives, and a great variety of incidents relating to the natural history of the districts traversed are plentifully scattered throughout the work. This last class of information is so liberally provided that we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Ball's observations should prove of value to both the Zoological Society and the writers of the *Flora Indica*. He appears to have had tolerably good sport with bears in Singhbhum, Chutia Nagpur, and elsewhere, and many incidents of his encounters with them and other wild beasts are quite exciting reading. One monster, found by the author in the Nicobars, was very nearly playing the part of Victor Hugo's gigantic cuttle-fish towards one of the party. The animal was an enormous crab, called the "cocoa-nut thief" (*Birgus latro*), measuring two feet and a-half across, which Mr. Davison undertook to carry by means of a noose formed out of a vegetable creeper. The crustacean, while extending its claws, managed

to grasp the skirt of Mr. Davison's coat and began thence gradually to work its way up his back towards a very exciting *dénouement*. Fortunately its benevolent intentions were perceived in time by Mr. Ball, who arrested its further progress, while the owner of the coat quickly divested himself thereof, and thus gracefully declined the contest.

It is, however, quite beyond the scope of a short review to convey a correct idea of a book of upwards of seven hundred pages filled with the varied events incidental to a scientific tour through so many different regions. In spite of the scientific character of Mr. Ball's previous writings (we learn from this work that he has contributed no less than sixty-two different papers to various journals and proceedings of societies), the general reader may be assured that he will find *Jungle Life in India* a most readable and amusing work, while the Anglo-Indian statistician will discover new facts and observations of importance regarding some of the least-known districts of Hindustan. The "get-up" of the book is handsome and the printing excellent.

CHARLES E. D. BLACK.

LETTERS OF BISHOP KETTELER.

Briefe von und an Wilhelm Emmanuel Freiherrn von Ketteler, Bischof von Mainz.
Hrsg. von Dr. J. W. Raich. (Mainz.)

THIS volume is rather a disappointing one. The editor explains in his Preface that Bishop Ketteler's public duties did not leave him much time for correspondence, and that he did not usually preserve the private letters addressed to him or copies of his replies. The present collection contains apparently all, or nearly all, of his letters that have been found, beginning with those which he wrote as a boy from the Jesuit school at Brig in 1825 and 1826. A great many of these are addressed to his brothers and sisters, and they show warm and genial feeling and strong family affections, but do not tell us much of his moral and intellectual character generally. Official and polemical documents, pastorals, and the like are excluded, with one important exception to be noticed presently; and writings of this kind were the Bishop's literary speciality. He was throughout his life a controversialist and combatant, as he expresses it in one of his later letters, against the opponents of the Church; and latterly he was brought into controversy, rather against his will, with the dominant party in his own Church, where he cannot be said to have appeared to advantage.

It is curious to find how very few notices occur in the earlier letters of Dr. Döllinger, under whom he studied for two years at Munich, though at the time of the Vatican Council he professed to have formerly entertained a high respect for him and sense of obligation for his teaching, as though in order to emphasise more acutely the severity of his subsequent censures. In one place he speaks of reading Döllinger's *Church History* with great interest, and elsewhere of his edition of some posthumous works of Möhler, for whose writings he himself avows "a true passion." These are the only references to Döllinger at that period which we have detected. For

Windischmann, on the other hand, Archbishop Reisach's Vicar-General at Munich, and one of the ablest and most advanced Ultramontane divines of his day in Germany, Ketteler expresses the warmest admiration, as a man for whom we owe a special debt of gratitude to God. This same Windischmann, in a letter addressed to Ketteler ten years later, in 1851, after he had become Bishop of Mainz, speaks of Döllinger's teaching and spirit in terms of the gravest suspicion. To this letter we have no reply. The general impression left on one's mind is that Ketteler's instincts were always in the main on the Ultramontane side, though he shrank from the final outcome of its policy in 1870. In a letter to his sister-in-law, written from Rome in 1854, he speaks with enthusiasm of the approaching definition of the Immaculate Conception, but with very little apparent apprehension of its real significance, directly and indirectly, for the consecration of the restored church of St. Paul without the Walls on the following Sunday is mentioned in the same breath, as "another great festival," presumably of equal interest and importance.

Many readers probably will turn with most curiosity to the letters towards the end of the volume, which exhibit the Bishop's attitude in relation to different parties and views during the Vatican Council and after it; for here the editor has thought fit to make an exception to his rule of not inserting public or official manifestoes. It would, however, have been more satisfactory to his admirers, and perhaps more advantageous to Ketteler's memory, if we could have been told either more or less. His real motives and line of thought are still left very much in the dark, while his conduct was such as could satisfy neither party, and is not easily to be reconciled with a standard of straightforward and simple consistency. We are permitted to see that he was very anxious at once to do all in his power to prevent the famous decree being passed, and yet to avoid exposing himself to the charge of not agreeing with it. He poses throughout in public as an "inopportunist," but his language in some of his letters certainly goes beyond this, and so still more does the language of the pamphlet (*Quæstio*) which he circulated in Rome during the Council, though he was eager afterwards to explain that he did not compose, and did not altogether agree with, it. He writes to the Pope, with many expressions of profound veneration and respect, that his conscience obliges him to oppose the decree, and again, later on, that he cannot possibly vote for it, but that he will submit to it when it is passed. He writes at the same time to Archbishop Deschamps, in July 1870, that there is a radical difference between the language of the decree, which is "the exaggerated teaching of a certain school," and that of Bellarmine, in whose sense alone he holds papal infallibility to be tenable. Next year, after all is over, he issues a fly-leaf at Berlin denying that the Council has ever taught that the Pope is infallible, but only that his office is infallible; and in 1872 he allows De Buck to compliment him on never having said a word against the doctrine of the decree, but only against its "inconveniences and inopportunities." He seems, in short, never quite to know his own mind, or certainly

not to wish others quite to know it. And we are left at last with an uncomfortable impression of a series of mental reactions or tergiversations of a man terribly oppressed by the conflicting responsibilities of his position. He says more than once that he earnestly desired "to lay down the burden" of his episcopal office, and seems to be breaking his heart over the vain endeavour to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. It was his misfortune to be involved in a crisis to which he was evidently unequal. He shows at his best in controversy with Protestants, to whom he could be both outspoken and generous, and in those pastoral or domestic relations which called out the genuine sympathy of a devout and kindly nature.

H. N. OXENHAM.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802-8.

Published by her grandson, M. Paul de Rémusat. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. Vol. I. (Sampson Low & Co.)

[Second Notice.]

It is idle and unprofitable to discuss in detail Bonaparte's crimes and offences against humanity, morality, and good taste, and consider whether or not they were due to want of generosity, want of soul, or want of heart. Controversy and indignation are alike wasted over the various items in the catalogue. For the convenience of the moralist, he has himself gathered all his offences into one neck, which can either be struck at or left unharmed according to the view taken of his general principle of conduct. Much of his conduct has been canvassed; it probably underwent more scrutiny from his own restless mind than it has been subjected to by all his numerous critics put together; and he formulated for himself a general principle by which he sought to excuse all his breaches of morality, social and international. He was a person apart; he was above the laws of morality. Where is the good of minute discussion by ordinary standards over the actions of a man who deliberately held himself superior to those standards; who declined to be bound by them, and avowedly disregarded them whenever it suited his purpose? Indignation should be directed against the general pretension, rather than the individual act. Bonaparte had brought his conscience into such a mood that it would have condemned him for a dereliction of duty if he obeyed the impulses to which the common sense of mankind has attached the epithet of "good." One of the most valuable contributions which M^{de}. de Rémusat has made to the understanding of Bonaparte's character is her record of conversations in which he developed this theory. Her gossip about the imperial Court and its petty figures is most interesting, but the few pages in which the central personage is made to throw light upon himself are worth all the rest. His talk in his wife's drawing-room on the evening after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien is more instructive as to the spirit in which he committed that crime than the most perfect accuracy that could be attained on the many controverted points concerning his behaviour during the preceding week. After some pro-

found remarks on the feebleness of historians and their explanation of motives, and a compliment to Frederick the Great—"one of those who have best understood their business in every sort of way"—he went on to say that Frederick might perhaps be accused of harshness and selfishness. "But," he asked, "after all, is a great statesman made for feeling? Is he not a completely eccentric personage, who stands always alone, on his own side, with the world on the other? The glass through which he looks is that of his policy; his sole concern ought to be that it should neither magnify nor diminish. And, while he observes objects with attention, he must also be careful to hold the reins equally; for the chariot which he drives is often drawn by ill-matched horses. How, then, is he to occupy himself with those fine distinctions of feeling which are important to the generality of mankind? Can he consider the affections, the ties of kinship, the puerile arrangements of society? In such a position as his, how many actions are regarded separately, and condemned, although they are to contribute, as a whole, to that great work which the public does not understand! One day those deeds will issue in the creation of the Colossus which will be the wonder of posterity. And you, mistaken as you are—you will withhold your praises, because you are afraid lest the movement of that great machine should crush you, as Gulliver crushed the Liliputians when he moved his legs. Be advised; go on in advance of the time, enlarge your imaginations, look out afar, and you will see that those great personages whom you think violent and cruel are only politic. They know themselves better, they judge themselves more correctly, than you do; and, when they are really able men, they can master their passions, for they calculate the effects even of them."

Here we have Bonaparte's *apologia pro vita sua*, his frank admission of all the crimes of which M. Lanfrey has laboured so faithfully to convict him, and his plea in their defence; his argument that for him, with his mission in life, they were not crimes. After such an appeal from the common law of humanity, who can care very much to have it proved on unimpeachable evidence that the great criminal sat on the arms of chairs and talked indelicately to ladies?

It is not to be denied that the effect of M^{de}. de Rémusat's revelations about Napoleon and the people who surrounded him is to produce a certain sympathy with him. One feels less inclined to blame him for succeeding in his defiance of law and order than to despise the men whose truckling and subserviency allowed him to succeed, and the "legitimate" rivals of his power whose paltry schemes against him furnished him with opportunities, and, from his own point of view, with necessities, for encroachments on the liberties of the French people.

It seems to have been only gradually that Napoleon formed the ambition of becoming absolute ruler of France, though every step in his action from the time when he helped to put down the mob of Paris was as perfectly directed towards that object as if it had been deliberately so calculated. When he conceived the happy thought of going to Egypt, the thought of further distinction in France than he had acquired as the servant of the Directory had apparently not entered his dreams.

"The charm of Oriental conquest [he said to M^{de}. de Rémusat] drew my thoughts away

from Europe more than I should have believed possible. My imagination interfered this time with my actions, but I think it died out at St.-Jean d'Acre. . . . In Egypt I found myself free from the wearisome restraints of civilisation. I dreamed all sorts of things, and I saw how all that I dreamed might be realised. I created a religion; I pictured myself on the road to Asia, mounted on an elephant, with a turban on my head, and in my hand a new Koran, which I was to have composed according to my own ideas. I would have the combined experience of two worlds with which to set about my enterprise. I was to have ransacked, for my own advantage, the whole domain of history; I was to have attacked the English power in India, and renewed my relations with old Europe by my conquest."

In this dream Bonaparte thought that his imagination had run away with him, and he vowed never to allow it to interfere with his actions again; but the enterprise to which he returned was probably more difficult of realisation than his project of Oriental conquest. It is interesting to note the growth of his ambition, and it is interesting also to see how his ideas on the subject of keeping men in subjection developed with the advance of his authority. He told M^{de}. de Rémusat that he read history only to get ideas which he might apply in practice. Among his innumerable artifices for keeping those about him constantly on the alert was one which he seems to have borrowed from Philip II.—that of muttering unintelligible instructions, and then falling out with his subordinates for not understanding him. He would never repeat an instruction. Everybody about him lived in constant fear of his displeasure, and it was his policy to keep them so. He had a trick also of forgetting men's names, not from the vanity of new-made honour, but, M^{de}. de Rémusat assures us, to keep them in mind of their comparative littleness. But before he attained the summit of power, he practised with equal assiduity the art of making himself agreeable according to the historical models. When he was on his Italian campaign, he made a point of knowing the name of every officer in his army, and even the names of their sisters, cousins, and aunts. Later in his career than this, he carefully committed to memory the muster-rolls of his regiments, and the Empress told M^{de}. de Rémusat that she had heard him repeating them in his sleep. But, once he was Emperor, he threw aside this courtesy as an unnecessary encumbrance, finding that it answered his purpose better to forget men's names. So at least M^{de}. de Rémusat declares, and she gives some amusing instances of his studied forgetfulness; but it ought to be remembered that when Napoleon was in possession of imperial power he had cares enough to occupy his mind without continuing to observe the petty artifices by which he had attained it.

There is one direction in which M^{de}. de Rémusat's Memoirs show unmistakeable traces of what must be called spitefulness. Napoleon's brothers and sisters were jealous of her as the friend and companion of the Empress Josephine, and her record of their little ambitions and their family quarrels has an appearance of retaliation which may be false, but which certainly suggests that what she says about them should be received with

caution. One cannot help remembering that the scandals which she puts on record about Napoleon's relations with his sisters cannot possibly have had any foundation except in abominably ill-natured surmise. M^{de} de Rémusat's vindication of Hortense Beauharnais from scandalous calumnies would have carried more weight, agreeable as it is to have any such testimony, if she had not prejudiced herself by repeating such scandalous gossip as is to be found in her portraits of the Bonaparte family.

WILLIAM MINTO.

NEW NOVELS.

Greene Ferne Farm. By Richard Jefferies, Author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," &c. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Civil War in Home and Land. By the Author of "A Bride from the Rhineland." (Civil Service Publishing Co., Limited.)

Mademoiselle de Mersac. By W. E. Norris, Author of "Heaps of Money." In 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

ALTHOUGH every reader for whom country life has a charm must be acquainted with *The Amateur Poacher* and *Wild Life in a Southern County*, we doubt whether any have met their author heretofore in the field of fiction. Here he conciliates all suffrages by three lures—the shortness of his novelette, its truth to nature, and the breath of rural life which he infuses into it because it has won him a passport in other fields. Our author should hail from the Wiltshire Downs, to judge by the dialect of his rustics and his insight into the ways, words, folk-lore, and surroundings of the Southern county which he has made the scene of this winsome and unexaggerated story. Its plot turns on the rivalry of two young men, Geoffrey Newton, a returned settler from Australia, and Valentine Browne, an owner of race-horses and racing stables—habitual guests at the Hall—for the hand of sweet Margaret Estcourt, the witching daughter of Widow Estcourt, of Greene Ferne Farm, whose husband had been the friend of Squire Thorp, and who exercised in his stead a patriarchal sway over acres where there could not be the shadow of an excuse for agricultural depression. Running evermore in couple with Margaret—a noble girl of high spirit and rare judgment, concerning whom Mr. Jefferies waxes classical, where he describes Geoffrey Newton as touched "by the feeling which the Greeks embodied in the punishment that fell on those who looked unbidden on the Immortals," what time he surprised her asleep on a warm spring day, in a silvan, bird-haunted retreat—is the less queenly, but not less bright, figure of May Fisher, sole survivor of all the womankind of her nonagenarian and skinfint grandsire, Andrew Fisher, of the Warren, who had worried the rest of his womankind to death, and richly earned his universal character of an "ould varmint." As May was nearest of lawful kin to this old tyrant it was a relief to her durance under his roof to spend as many of her days as she could in the society of the inmates of Greene Ferne Farm, and there to find opportunities

of reciprocating the love of the Rev. Felix St. Bees, the devoted curate of the manufacturing town of Kingsbury, whom the miser welcomed at the Manor House, when he first sought his consent, by hurling a blackthorn stick at his head, and who, at his second coming on the same errand, was first to discover the old man's sudden death and the rifling of his treasures by his wretched house-keeper and her cronies. Our first introduction to the chief characters of this rural drama is that typical show-ground, the village churchyard, where on Sunday morning the farmer folk, according to custom, the clerk, and the shepherd who leads the choir discuss "pegs" and "clauver," "the wimmen" and scandal in general, until the bell stops and the village folk move into church, asserting their grades of rank by the length of time each keeps on his hat after getting through the porch. In that rustic fane Margaret is the violet that fills it with perfume; and shepherd Jabez the scapegoat choir-leader, who reaps the vengeance of smockfrocks and hobby-de-hoys after church for his extemporised elongation of "Jacob" into "Ja-aa-fol-de-r-cob" at the end of the fifth verse of the hymn. Geoffrey and Valentine sit with Squire Thorp, feeding the flame of passion which propinquity to Margaret has maddened into rivalry. Little traits soon show that Geoffrey is her favourite, as his sympathy with St. Bees' philanthropic ways makes him the reader's also. The strife is indeed fanned by divers incidents—first, on the occasion of the labourers' strike at hay harvest, when good Mrs. Estcourt is helped to bear the brunt of rural rebellion by Margaret and May, with the aid of Augustus Basset, a ne'er-do-well old soldier turned bailiff, who harness the cart horses and toss and load the hay with the help of their "squires" and volunteers.

"Now then" (such were Basset's directions)—"now then, you lards and gennelmen, one on 'ee get each side and pitch up thaay wakes, and mind as you doan't stick your farks into I. The wimmen—I means the ladies—will rake behind, and paason can help um—th' rakes be hung on th' hedge. Now, bailie, look arter them 'osses" (p. 89).

At first, Valentine scores one against Geoffrey by his superior use of the hay-fork, but ere long, through Felix's aid, Geoffrey recovers himself in Margaret's esteem by his gentler prowess as a "song-bird." The strike soon yields to the plucky manner of meeting it; and when, soon after, Margaret rides to the Warren to prevail on old Andrew Fisher to allow his granddaughter to return to Greene Ferne Farm, Geoffrey approves himself a modern knight errant in his opportune lying in wait for her return, when at even Margaret loses her way in the mist, but happily finds her lover, who, though sore perplexed when at night "the ranges mingled and the dark slopes faded into mist," was able, if not to guide her home or tell her course by the stars, to keep her clear of the chalk pits, and find her a very passable night's lodging under the capstone of a cromlech, "the sepulchre," as antiquarian Felix proves later on, "of some dead king without a name." This night adventure ends well, and helps Geoffrey's footing; and, though the episode of going "a-nutting" enables Valentine to rouse Geoffrey's

jealousy afresh, and reveals somewhat of the events of the benighted wandering, which had been kept till then from all but Mrs. Estcourt, it is well seen that Margaret's heart is beyond variableness, and needs but some fitting climax to make it declare for Geoffrey. Here arises our sole demur to Mr. Jefferies as a story-teller, where, in the chapter headed "A Fray," when left alone on the Squire's turnips, he makes the rivals, on slight provocation, blaze away at each other with deadly breach-loaders, instead of a more national recourse to honest fisticuffs. Here Basset's timely intervention averts manslaughter, his military experience enables him to stanch Geoffrey's blood, and his hasty avowal that "it was a regular pitched battle" is effectually cancelled by the probable tale "that he was drunk when he said so." Without forestalling the details of the happy double marriage which follows Geoffrey's recovery, we must just note that the "butter and eggs" which, blending with other wild-flowers, decorated the posts and beams of Greene Ferne Barn at the marriage supper is true Wiltshire for the toadflax, or *Linaria vulgaris*. Such expressions as "dry as a gicks," "hardy as a woodpile toad," "a sarsen stwoan" (a round boulder stone), "a charm" (i.e., chorus) of starlings, and many kindred phrases bespeak a Wiltshire scene of action.

The awkward title of *Civil War in Home and Land* fits the story of Constance Beverley so far better than "Catching a Tartar" in that she really catches two. A resolute rebel against her father, a cross-grained squire, who worried his first wife's life out by his overbearing temper and supplied her place by a passive second who yielded to his petulance and added to his family, Constance is despatched to school, where she proves herself his true daughter by her insubordination, contumacy, and disobedience. It is true that Miss Farquhar had from the father much such a character of her as she deserved; and true also that, when her school-days are cut short through her illness brought about by a schoolfellow's sudden death, she transports to her father's home in a North-west county her inborn spirit of rebellion. This is fomented when he finds that, without his knowledge, she accepts the addresses of a Hungarian noble, Stephen Carolyi (Tartar No. 2), with whom he forbids her to correspond on the baseless plea that he is an "infamous foreign swindler." Of course Constance disregards his commands, and, despite surveillance and confinement to her room, contrives to elope from her home with her admirer, not without a misgiving that he will turn out a less perfect husband than lover. Her surmise proves correct. What between the Count's tincture with "the Turkish odour pervading Hungarian domestic life," and his jealousy of his wife's preference for his younger brother André, the Count soon leaves her society for the Austrian Court, where he nurses his ultra-Royalist sentiments, while she and André are busy at home in drilling recruits among the tenantry for the rebel cause. It is but fair to Constance to say that faithlessness to her husband was not one of her sins; and it was certainly hard measure when the Count, on an Austrian

victory giving him the opportunity, handed over his brother to the barbarous punishment of "beating to death," and, after telling his fate to his wife, gave her in charge to an Austrian colonel for life-long imprisonment in the fortress of Rosenau. One scarcely sees what better fortune so confirmed a "rebel in home and land" could have expected, though English readers might expect that printers should print "sewing" (of needlework) with an "e" not an "o," and describe the estates of the Count as those of a "magnate," not a "magnet" (pp. 141, 165).

If we assign to Mr. Norris's *Mademoiselle de Mersac* scarce the space due to a very cleverly constructed three-decker, this is partly owing to its having already occupied the attention of steadfast novel-readers in the pages of the *Cornhill* from month to month, and partly to a wish not to defraud such as seldom allow themselves the luxury of fiction of the full enjoyment of a rare treat. The author has made a decided advance in this new work, whether we regard his well-planned plot, his unhackneyed scene, or his carefully delineated characters. It is not unwittingly that in the outset he bespeaks an interest in Jeanne de Mersac, his heroine, and her facile but weaker-minded younger brother, Léon, by a sketch of their family antecedents, and the career of their sire, a French marquis, of the Legitimist school, who, in the first Napoleon's wars, preferred the service of the usurper to sheathing his sword, and, after divers vicissitudes, sold his family estates, took to trade, married an English wife, and settled eventually as a farmer in Algeria. Here, after she had borne him our heroine and, two years later, her brother Léon, the Marquis de Mersac slipped out of the world as unobtrusively as she had entered it. Here, too, "an old love," the widowed Duchesse de Breuil, renewed her intimacy with the bronzed and gray-headed farmer of El-biar, took a lease of the adjoining villa, and, on the old Marquis's death at the age of eighty, let her house to his trustee, M. de Fontvielle, and took up her quarters as Jeanne and Léon's *chaperon* at the Campagne de Mersac. When first we meet with mademoiselle she strikes us as a damsel out of the common—beautiful, well dowered, and, though unfettered by testamentary conditions, unmarried and in no hurry to marry. She is discovered awaiting, from the sea-view of the Campagne de Mersac garden, the return from Europe of her brother, who has been buying farm machinery and visiting relations, and is carrying back on a visit an English squire, Mr. Barrington, who is destined to be Jeanne's fate more or less, though the reader will marvel at so refined a taste being caught by so selfish a prig. Something like two-thirds of the three volumes is taken up with scenes and society in Algeria, where the old "Duchesse" takes the lead in the latter, and laudably snubs Mme. de Trémonville, a lady of considerable assurance and *aplomb*, the wife of a Bonapartist *employé*, who aspires to be a rival leader of fashion, and whose house is much frequented by the officers of the French garrison. It is this syren's wiles, far more than the influences of M. de St.-Luc, a *quondam* member of the Paris Jockey Club, a noted duellist and gambler, which exercise

an evil influence on Léon, though his sister, our heroine, is prejudiced against St.-Luc and his addresses, partly through his past character, and partly by her preference for Barrington, who ingratiates himself with her by painting her in the foreground of the Moorish villa of the de Mersacs, by his easy manners, and by the self-esteem which prevents his addresses from being as earnest and pronounced as poor St.-Luc's. Much of the charm of the story lies in description, especially of interiors—e.g., at the Duchesse's reception, Mme. de Trémonville's dance, and an eventful night spent playing "lansquenét" at the club; as well as of exteriors, from the yard, which is filled with Jeanne and Léon's pets—of which the Duchesse says the deerhound "Turco is bad enough, but not so bad as the wild boar or Jeanne's jackal, which they call Jérémie on account of his ceaseless lamentations"—to the excursion into Kabylia taken by Jeanne and Léon, with Barrington and old Fontvielle to do propriety; a five-days' glimpse into Elfinland for two of the party, until, as their *tête-à-tête* is spoilt one day by the intrusion of a horseman, Jeanne exclaims "M. de St.-Luc!" and Barrington's response is, "Hang him!" A change in the dream of happiness at this villa is brought about first by the aforesaid evening of deep play, where St.-Luc, loyal in spirit to his promise to Jeanne to keep her brother out of harm's way, both with the cards and with Mme. de Trémonville, finds it best to attract Léon's hot-headed impetuosity upon himself, and eventually wins from the young Marquis no less than £10,000, a debt he never dreams of claiming, but which Léon insists on discharging though at the cost of ruin, a discharge which brother and sister suppose can only be made by the sacrifice of Mlle. de Mersac's hand. As Barrington goes away without proposing, it had been as well if the old Duchesse's death had not a few months later suggested Jeanne's visit to England, where her kinsfolk, the Ashleys, were near neighbours of Barrington. He, though still very averse to come to the point, loses no chance of engaging Jeanne's affections, though she is now affianced to St.-Luc, who, by the changes of fortune, is a colonel in the imperial army, at the climax of its misfortunes, with Léon as a major in his regiment. Mr. Norris's account of the adventures of our heroine in her uncle's neighbourhood in Surrey is racy and discriminative, and shows what our country life appears to Franco-African sojourners; and one little episode of Jeanne's visit to Miss Barrington in Bedford Square—where the self-reliant Algerian damsel is bold enough to find her way to the parks with Turco and a compass, but is constrained to seek guidance from a thief who steals her purse and dog—is so good that it ought to be quoted *in extenso*. But bad news comes from the seat of war. Jeanne and her hostess hurry off to Léon's sick bed, find him carefully nursed by his tender-hearted colonel, who, as the patient gradually comes round, takes occasion to release Jeanne from what was at best an extorted promise. How it was that Barrington missed after all the prize he was surely *fainéant* in his desire to win, and why an old colonel of *Chasseurs-à-cheval*

kneels most days in the cathedral of his garrison town with a prayer once more to meet "Jeanne de Mersac" in heaven, are secrets which will reward the perusal of this very fascinating novel. JAMES DAVIES.

RECENT ITALIAN BOOKS.

Ricordanze della mia Vita. Da Luigi Settembrini. Con Prefazione di Francesco de Sanctis. Vol. I. (Naples: Morano.) Brilliant and daring as the fresco painting of a great master, and, like a fresco, dashed in from day to day, these records give us a vivid picture of life in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies before its liberation from Bourbon misrule. Born in 1813, and dying in 1876, Settembrini witnessed three revolutions, was a prominent actor in two, and spent fourteen of the best years of his life a State prisoner in Bomba's dungeons. Of his posthumous memoirs only the first volume has appeared, but, fortunately, this treats of those earlier portions of Settembrini's career which were barely touched upon in the monograph by Francesco Torraca reviewed in the ACADEMY of June 15, 1878.

The best monument to Settembrini's literary fame is his *History of Italian Literature*—a delightful, though much criticised and by no means faultless, book; but it is impossible to read these Reminiscences without being penetrated by the singular beauty of the author's character—a beauty reflected in his clear, downright, yet elegant style. Single-hearted and single-minded, he has none of the bitterness which so often constitutes the defect of those qualities. He is too ardent to be altogether impartial in his judgments of men and things; but, except where the priesthood is concerned, he is lenient even to his worst enemies. His keenly observant eye is guided by a genial, kindly heart prompt to discover infinitesimal good in the midst of infinite evil; quick to discern the comic side of humanity amid personal sufferings that would have utterly crushed a man of ordinary mould. The artistic temperament, joined to vigorous intellect and sweet steadfastness of character, was proof against even the accumulated horrors of Neapolitan prisons.

Passing over the interesting account of his childhood and its surroundings, we find Settembrini at seventeen sending verses by post to his future persecutor, young King Ferdinand, in which he adjures the new monarch to call all Italy to arms, drive out the Austrians, make the Pope King of Jerusalem, and place the crown of Italy on his own head. Three years later this is the portrait he gives us of the same sovereign:—

"In mind and manners the best of his family, yet so ignorant that he never opened a book and could not write the simplest letter without mistakes in spelling. Like his father and grandfather, he disbelieved in virtue, mocked at learning, laughed at intellect, prized nothing but cunning. All students and writers he considered his enemies, and sneeringly called quill-drivers [*pennaioli*]. He surrounded himself with the coarsest and most ignorant of men; it was impossible for him to understand that kingdoms were not maintained by force alone, and that men of character and intellect, if not made friends, may become very formidable enemies. Educated by Court servants of the lowest class, such as the Bourbons always cherished as their best friends and counsellors, he lived and jeered like a true-born *lazarone*. With him kind words, promises, and hand-pressures were mere instruments of deceit, and while using them he would turn aside, wink significantly at his familiars, and whisper that the world was made to be tricked, and that a king should know better than other men how to trick it. He bestowed nicknames on all who approached him; had a biting jest for everyone; thought it exquisite fun to lash the legs of a courtier—Caracciolo della Castellana—with a riding

whip, and went into fits of laughter at the cries and contortions of his poor old butt. . . . Once, in presence of the Court, he pulled his wife's chair from under her as she was about to seat herself at the piano, and roared with delight on seeing her fall. Queen Cristina's reply is historical: 'I thought my husband was the King of Naples, not a *lazzarone*.'

The royal princes and the infamous Ministers of this detestable sovereign are touched off with the same incisiveness.

And this is how he describes Neapolitan society as he found it about 1835:—

"Men incapable rather than bad; women not ugly, but insipid; young men, effeminate and ignorant, talking only of women, dress, and official dignity; nobles clumsy as their own domestics; judges better versed in gastronomy than law; no conversation on public matters, nor on art, nor science, nor literature—everywhere scandal, backbiting, bigotry."

This, of course, was the natural order of things under a government like that of Naples, composed, as Settembrini says, "of police, spies, and priests." Yet buried amid all this corruption there existed the germ of national life.

"Among old races like the Italian, national feeling is born of the memory of past times, is first visible in the works of cultivated minds, and then in the deeds of the people. And the primary manifestations of this feeling are like excrescences on an old tree-trunk, and are necessarily of an antiquated shape, out of harmony with that which is new: hence a struggle only terminated when the new has absorbed the old, and, preserving true and essential elements, has discarded the false and useless."

In 1835 young Settembrini obtained a professorial chair, married his first love, and established his modest home at Catanzaro; but neither study nor domestic happiness could make him blind or indifferent to the condition of his country. Here in Calabria, the scene of some of the worst excesses of Bourbon tyranny, it was impossible for a man of Settembrini's generous temper not to throw himself heart and soul into any enterprise for the liberation of his countrymen. In those days conspiracy was the only road to political change, and all Italy was striving, in one fashion or another, to break the chains that kept her divided and enslaved. The rigid censorship of the Neapolitan press could not shut out every echo of Mazzini's attempts, nor of the vigorous young sect, the Giovine Italia, which had sprung from the ashes of the Carbonari. Settembrini was enrolled in a miniature secret society founded by Benedetto Musolino on the model of that of the great Genoese, and carried on an active correspondence with friends in Naples. (And here we must digress a moment to protest against the one jarring note in these noble *Ricordanze*—i.e., the singularly unjust verdict on Giuseppe Mazzini, the first modern man to raise the cry for the unity of Italy, and one whose whole energies were devoted to its promotion. It is equally strange and painful to find Luigi Settembrini, a patriot so thoroughly after Mazzini's own heart, stigmatising the apostle of Italian unity as "one who had only a vague idea of liberty, and cared nothing for the unity of his country." Had Settembrini ever stood face to face with Giuseppe Mazzini, or had he merely taken the trouble to study his works, his pen could never have traced this calumny.) The Catanzaro Society was speedily betrayed by one of the amateur spies who sprang up on all sides like mushrooms in this fertile soil, and cost our author more than three years of cruel imprisonment. But neither suffering nor confinement could destroy his elasticity. He lived even in prison, contrived to establish communications with fellow-captives, studied the characters of gaolers and felons, and forgot his personal woes in reading Homer and arranging a daring plan of defence. In simple, graphic words, free from

all attempt at "sensation," he brings once more before us those fearful Neapolitan prisons—held up by Mr. Gladstone to the execration of Europe—where condemned and uncondemned, innocent and guilty, political offenders, thieves, forgers, murderers, were all huddled together in darkness and filth indescribable, continually tormented by hunger and devoured by vermin. After his release, Settembrini earned a scanty living for his wife and babes by giving lessons from house to house. His professorship was gone; he was not allowed to hold classes of any kind; police agents dogged his steps. "Nevertheless," he says, "I was still a conspirator, for I taught my pupils to love certain truths, and in time this love would, I knew, bear good fruit for their country." At last the police left him alone; his obscurity shielded him; and they had yet to learn that the revolution of 1848 would be mainly the work of schoolmasters.

Next, with rapid strokes, Settembrini sketches the gradual evolution of the national idea during eight years of apparently barren plots and risings. One day in 1847 he beheld a weeping woman, with four children in ragged black, endeavouring to present a petition for some prisoner's pardon to the infamous Minister, Delcarretto. He saw her driven away with blows and curses, and his long-smouldering indignation found a vent in the most celebrated of his political writings, *The Protest of the People of the Two Sicilies*. Printed and circulated clandestinely, this anonymous pamphlet proved the first successful stroke against the edifice of Bourbon tyranny. All Naples was in a ferment, the police made arrests wholesale, but no one suspected its real author. A copy of it was thrown into the King's lap while he was visiting Sicily, and it is said that Bomba trembled as he read the scathing words. How in the following year the King was compelled to grant a Constitution, how he betrayed his solemn promises, and finally massacred his own subjects in the streets of Naples is a well-known page of history, but has seldom been described so vividly as in these *Ricordanze*. The volume closes with the reactionary period of 1849, on the eve of the author's second and most terrible imprisonment, shared by Poerio, Spaventa, and other patriotic statesmen. The sympathetic and brilliant Preface by the present Minister of Public Instruction completes Settembrini's portrait, and fully explains the love and veneration which his name inspires among Italians. A volume of Settembrini's miscellaneous writings, collected since his death, is also on our table. These are occasional papers and pedagogic articles of little interest for a foreign public, but they are preceded by a masterly sketch of the author's career from the pen of the philosophical writer, F. Fiorentino.

Lettere e Scritti inediti di Pietro ed Alessandro Verri. Vol. II. (Milan: Galli.) This second volume has far less general interest than the first, noticed in the ACADEMY, October 18, 1879. It contains some very graphic and amusing sketches of London life and customs in 1767 and of Roman society in the following year, but every page increases our wonder at finding men of the high character and talents of the brothers Verri condescending to so much paltriness in their social relations. The perpetually recurring details of the feud with Beccaria resemble the outpourings of spiteful village gossips; remind us now of the doings of Greys and Rolands in Harriet Martineau's *Deerbrook*, now of the greenroom strife of rival tenors. If these letters damage Beccaria they damage their writers scarcely less, even with all due allowance for the spirit of the eighteenth century, that age of powder and pettiness. Probably there is just as much literary vanity, spite, and rancour in the world

now as then; but men no longer air these sentiments so conspicuously, and do not openly gloat over their enemies' domestic troubles or diminished fame. Both brothers are continually itching to know what the world—particularly the little world of Milan—thinks of them, and Alessandro the younger determines to prolong his travels principally to humiliate his former friend, Beccaria, who had so ridiculously cut short his own journey in order to return to his wife and family. No wonder that their sympathies went with Rousseau in that famous quarrel with Hume! Yet on all intellectual and political topics these men are dispassionate thinkers, and hold large views considerably in advance of their times. Indeed, in one passage on the difference of national character in Italy, France, and England, Pietro Verri unconsciously touches the plague spot with which he was himself infected by saying

"Here you will find much malignity, much impudence, and all the signs of an intelligent nation corrupted and degraded by prejudice; architecture and painting are still triumphant; but the art of living, education tending to render us pleasant to one another, indulgence to our neighbours' self-love—none of these things will you find here."

Dopo il Caffè. Racconti per la Marchesa Colombi. (Bologna: Zanichelli.) In "Un Sogno azzurro," the first tale in this volume, we have a sparkling little love story with a plot so well worked out that we never stop to question its probability. The other contents are more or less readable, and the concluding tale, "Skating Ring" (*sic*), affords the best of sport to an English reviewer. Apparently, Italy is beginning to make reprisals on England for the many impossible Italians, crime-laden and fascinating, who have figured so largely as the stage villains of English fiction. So Italian novelists—evidently after much study of English manners as depicted in French romance of twenty years ago—now revel in comic English personages, red-haired and stupid, with enormous bodies and colossal appetites, supposed to be correct representatives of the British nation. But the lady whose *nom de plume* is Marchesa Colombi has outstripped all competitors by producing an English hero, one Sir Oswald Proud, who not only possesses all the above-mentioned characteristics, but is positively a baronet, a laird, the son of a lord, and a peer of the realm all in one! His conduct is as peculiar as his rank, and the author is careful to tell us that this nobleman's wife will be Lady Proud until his mother's death raises her to the title of "My Lady Proud." We should good humouredly submit to caricature, remembering the procession of monsters, nominally Italian, exhibited by Mrs. Radcliffe and her descendants; but we may be allowed to remark that Marchesa Colombi is more successful in delineating her own countrymen than ours.

LINDA VILLARI.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MISS MARY ROBINSON, whose *Handful of Honeysuckles* attracted considerable notice last year, has now in the press a version of the *Crowned Hippolytus* of Euripides.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN AND Co. have been entrusted with the publication of an important political work by Louis Kossuth, the chief interest of which centres in the fact that it gives the secret treaties and details of the understanding between England, the Emperor Napoleon, and Count Cavour during the important period when the Italian kingdom was being established. The work will, we understand, be shortly ready for publication.

THE Rev. F. W. Kolbe, of the London Missionary Society, has prepared the MS. of an English-Herero dictionary. The Herero or Otji-Herero or Damara is the leading dialect in

the Bantu class of African languages, extending on the Eastern Coast from the Equator down to the Cape. Stanley thinks that the tribes on the Congo speak dialects very near akin to Herero, and the late Dr. Bleek had pointed out long ago the necessity of a special study of this language. Dr. Kolbe asks for subscribers, as he is unable to publish his work without such aid. Subscribers' names should be sent to his address, 67 Buitenkant Street, Cape Town.

MR. ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, F.R.S., is to succeed Dr. J. A. H. Murray as President of the Philological Society, and will hold office for two years from May next.

It will be good news to many that Mr. Ruskin has resumed the publication of *Fora Clavigera*. He proposes to carry it forward, as he finds leisure, to the close of the eighth volume; and the complete summary and indices of the whole will form a ninth volume, to be issued with the closing letter.

An important discovery has just been made by Mr. J. B. Marsh in the Record Office, viz., a prayer in the handwriting of Charles I., dated 1631, which turns out to be identical with the second prayer in the *Eikon Basilike*. The importance of this identity in relation to the authorship of the *Eikon*, when the date of the prayer and that of the publication of the *Eikon* are considered, cannot well be overstated. An article by Mr. Marsh on his discovery, in which the two forms of the prayer will be given in parallel columns, will appear in the *Antiquary* for May.

The Folk-Lore of Shakespeare, by the Rev. T. F. Thistleton Dyer, M.A., author of *British Popular Customs and English Folk-Lore*, is the title of a work which Messrs. Griffith and Farran will publish.

MOHL'S *Rapports faits à la Société Asiatique* have been published in a collected form by his widow. They have been re-issued under the very appropriate title of *Vingt-sept Ans d'Histoire des Etudes orientales*. There is no book which gives a better account of Oriental studies from 1840 to 1867, a period which has justly been called the heroic age of Oriental studies in Europe. The two volumes are preceded by a Preface by E. Renan, and a Biographical Notice by Max Müller.

At a recent meeting of the Hull Literary Club, Mr. John Cook read a paper on "The History of the Hull Charterhouse," an institution which was founded by Sir Michael de la Pole in 1384. It has been decided to issue the paper in book form, as it contains much important information not included in the local histories.

MR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS is to take a holiday after finishing his variorum edition of *Lear*, and will be in England in July, in Switzerland in August.

MESSRS. W. SWAN SONNENSCHNEID and ALLEN announce as for issue next month a *Student's Manual of Psychology and Logic*, by Mr. F. Ryland, B.A. (Camb.), designed specially for the London B.A. and B.Sc. examinations; a translation by Dr. W. H. Greene of Wurtz's *Elements of Modern Chemistry*, with 132 illustrations; and, as new volumes in their series of Educational Primers, a *Primer of Drawing* by E. Cooke; a *Primer of Mathematical Geography*, by A. Sonnenschein; a *Primer of Logic* and a *Primer of Political Economy*, both by Alfred Milnes, M.A. The next two volumes of the same publishers' series of "Industrial Geography Primers" are to be *France* and the *United States*, by G. Phillips Bevan, F.G.S.

THE same firm has in the press for immediate issue a second edition of Miss Emily Shirreff's *The Kindergarten*, formerly published by Messrs.

Chapman and Hall. The new edition has been revised by the author and reduced in price. A second edition of Mr. Charles Marvin's *Our Public Offices* will also be issued from this house next week.

THE whole of the third and popular edition, consisting of 2,500 copies, of Mr. George Baraett Smith's *Life of Gladstone* having been immediately sold, a fourth edition is now in course of rapid production, and will be ready in a few days.

MR. CHARLES TOMLINSON, F.R.S., will give twelve lectures on Dante's *Divina Commedia* (the "Paradiso") at University College, London, commencing on April 21. The lectures will be given on Wednesdays and Fridays at three p.m., and will be open to the public without payment or tickets.

THE Rev. Prof. Beal will deliver two lectures at University College, London, on the method of Buddha's teaching as exhibited in the *Vinaya Pitaka* on Tuesday, April 27, and Thursday, April 29, at three p.m. These lectures will likewise be open to the public.

DR. MORITZ TRAUTMANN, of Gohlis, near Leipzig, is preparing an edition of the short-line version of the *Sege of Jerusalem*, the *Vengeance of God's Death*, or the *Romance of Vespasian*, for the Early-English Text Society.

ACCORDING to the *Molva*, the Russian Geographical Society contemplates issuing, in concert with the other scientific societies of Russia, a descriptive work on Siberia, in view of the approaching tercentenary of the occupation of that country by the Russians. The society proposes to undertake the geographical department of the work, as also the publication of an index of books and articles relating to Siberia which exist in the Russian language.

M. FREDÉRIC GODEFROY has issued the first part of his *Dictionnaire de l'ancienne Langue française et de tous ses Dialectes du IX^e au XV^e Siècle*. He has been collecting materials for his work for the last thirty years, and it will now form at least ten volumes quarto, in five-shilling parts. The main portion of the book will be confined to obsolete words of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. Modern words will not be included unless they have had, in earlier days, some sense which has become obsolete. Etymologies will not be given, but there will be copious extracts for all the different meanings of the words.

THE proprietors of *Chatterbox* are publishing a series of vigorously illustrated articles on Chaucer and the characters of *The Canterbury Tales*. This is excellent; but it would have been still better had care been taken to give a trustworthy account of the poet. Surely there is no excuse for telling youthful readers that "Chaucer was born about 1320; was educated at Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris; and wrote his first book when only eighteen years old"? Nor should those whose interest in literary matters is just growing be impressed with the notion that the poet was a daring innovator in thought and language, and a politician of a troublesome type. Those who learn in their early teens that Chaucer, for some mysterious reason, had to "fly from England," and that when he ventured back to his native shores he was "seized and imprisoned in the Tower," are likely to have confused notions about him afterwards. It is interesting enough, if it were only true, to learn that the poet, on regaining his liberty, "retired into the country, and lived very quietly, writing his *Canterbury Tales*;" and it is only as a fitting climax to such a chequered romance as that of the *Chatterbox* biographer that readers will look upon the sentence devoted to Chaucer's death. "He died," it is asserted, "rather suddenly in London, where he had gone for a short visit on business." If Charles

Lamb was right about juvenile literature there is room for reformation here.

M. ROSSEUW ST.-HILAIRE (Member of the Institute) has just completed for the press a third and revised edition of his *Histoire d'Espagne* in fourteen volumes—a work which has been twice crowned by the French Academy, and which has occupied the author for nearly forty-five years. The last volume contains a very detailed account of the Peninsular War.

MRS. STRANGE BUTSON, the author of *On the Leads*, has in preparation a work to be issued by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, named *The Art of Washing*. It is divided into three sections, of "Personal," "Clothes," and "House Washing," and the author has aimed at making it practical and useful throughout.

PROF. GHERARDO NERUCCI, the Italian translator of Max Müller's *Lectures on the Science of Language*, has been engaged for many years in collecting the popular stories current in the neighbourhood of Pistoia. He has just published a first instalment under the title of *Sessanta novelle popolari Montalesi*.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS has just brought to a close a series of sketches dealing with strange stories, scenes, mysteries, and characters in our national and local history, which have appeared in twenty provincial journals under the title of "Historic Romance." The articles will shortly be issued in a volume. The same author will commence at an early date in the *Nottingham Daily Guardian* a series of papers entitled "Strange Stories of the Midlands," which will present chapters on the legendary lore, traditional tales, and romantic episodes of Mid-England.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND Co. send us the first number of the *Transactions* of the Cremation Society of England. Friends and opponents alike of the proposed system will be glad to have the careful and apparently exhaustive bibliography of the subject in various languages which Mr. Eassie, the secretary, has compiled.

SOME attention was attracted a few weeks back by the correspondence which appeared in a daily paper on the subject of the remuneration of authors. The state of things both in Germany and France seems to be equally unsatisfactory to the writing class. A German publisher usually prints from 800 to 1,000 copies of an ordinary book, 100 or 150 of which are bought by the libraries, and sixty or eighty sent to the leading Reviews. The remaining 800 or thereabouts are distributed among the retail booksellers, who return those which are left on their hands at the close of the year. The publisher often receives more than his original 800, as the reviewers' copies find their way back to him. The *Revue Politique et Littéraire* assures us that the same phenomenon is by no means unknown in Paris, and instances a French poet who published a volume of verse in the early years of the Second Empire. The author entrusted ten copies to a publisher on the Quai Voltaire, and every morning, as he stole past the shop, cast a sidelong glance at his beloved volumes. What was his horror at finding them, in the course of a few days, increase to eleven and then to twelve! The two waifs were the *hommages de l'auteur* returning to their parent nest. Prof. von Holtzendorf, in view of the great number of excellent works which are disposed of by the publishers at the price of waste paper, suggests that for a very small expenditure every village in Germany might have a liberal supply of good books. Unfortunately, according to Karl Hillebrand, the "general reader" is almost unknown in Germany.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW AND Co. send us the authorised translation of Dr. Ebers' latest

romance, *The Sisters*, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of January 3, 1880.

We have received from the Clarendon Press the Library Edition of Canon Stubbs' *Constitutional History of England*. It seems to us in every way worthy of the author and his work.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN AND CO. are bringing out in monthly parts the *New Testament Commentary for English Readers* edited by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN have in the press a new work by Miss M. Betham-Edwards, entitled *Six Life Studies of Famous Women*. The author's endeavour has been to present brief biographies, to be read at a sitting without fatigue, and yet so comprehensive as to embrace the leading features of the life and character of some little known but remarkable persons. These are Fernán Caballero (the Spanish novelist), Alexandrini Tinné (the African explorer), Caroline Herschel (astronomer and mathematician), Marce Pape Carpentier (the educational reformer), Elizabeth Carter (scholar), and Matilda Betham (littérateur and artist).

We have received *Instructions for Testing Telegraph Lines, and the Technical Arrangement of Offices*, by Louis Schwendler, vol. ii., second edition (Trübner); *First Greek Grammar*, by W. Gunion Rutherford, new edition, enlarged (Macmillan); *Murby's Church Catechism*, enlarged edition (Murby); *A System of Moral Science*, by Laurens P. Hickok (Boston: Ginn and Heath); *British Dogs*, part viii. (Bazaar Office); *The Practical Fisherman*, part vi. (Bazaar Office); *Facts and Impressions of England*, by Henry de Hochstrasser (Effingham Wilson); *Summer-Savory*, by Benj. F. Taylor (Chicago: Briggs); *La Philosophie Scientifique*, par H. Girard (Paris: Baudry); *Old and New*, from the Italian of O. Occioni, by F. Townsend (Rome: Loescher); *Truthfulness and Ritualism*, by Orby Shipley (Burns and Oates); *Report of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb for 1879* (Wertheimer, Lea and Co.); *How to excel in Study*, ed. James Mason (Ward, Lock and Co.); *Buck Again: or, Five Years of Liberal Rule 1880-85, a Forecast* (Sampson Low and Co.); *Principles of Agriculture*, by S. Tomlinson (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.); *The Origin, or Basis, of every Miracle of the Bible, separately considered*, by Ben de Monhton, part vi. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.); &c.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

MR. JAMES STEWART, C.E., of Livingstonia, has just sent home an account of his journey from the north end of Lake Nyassa to Lake Tanganyika, and from this, taken in conjunction with Mr. Thomson's report on the route followed by him (ACADEMY, March 13), we obtain a very good idea of the nature of the country between the two lakes. Mr. Stewart left Lake Nyassa at the Kambwe lagoon, some twenty-five miles to the westward of Mr. Thomson's starting point, on October 14, and struck west till he reached the Rukuru River, up the valley of which he marched for some distance; the road then took him through the hills, which for two days were very rugged and steep, in a westerly direction to Maliwandu's village in Chungu, where an elevation of 3,900 feet was reached. Here Mr. Stewart says they were quite across the hills, and had a view over a level plateau as far as the eye could reach to the south and west, while to the north-west, in the direction of Tanganyika, some hills were seen. Mr. Stewart left this place on October 21, marching at first due west, and the district passed through up to November 3 may be described in a few words. Four marches led through the open valley of

the Songwe, and then the road passed on to a high level plateau, across which the hills overlooking Lake Tanganyika could be seen. Mambwe's country (and especially Chirundumusia's village) occupies the highest part of it, and from many points a most extensive view is obtained; the average elevation is about 4,700 feet above sea-level. The rainfall is large, beginning a month earlier than on Lake Nyassa; the climate is cool and bracing. Cattle are found at almost every village, and sheep and goats are kept in large numbers. Mr. Stewart describes the route which he followed through this region as a remarkably easy one, gradually rising from 3,900 feet at Maliwandu's to 5,400 feet at the ridge overlooking Tanganyika, and there is not one difficult ascent; the undulations met with form no obstacle to the construction of a road. Water is plentiful, even in the dry weather, but good timber is scarce. The descent to Lake Tanganyika occupied two days, and was gradual, so that walking was quite easy. Mr. Stewart reached the south end of Lake Tanganyika on November 4 after a march of 243 miles in seventeen days from Lake Nyassa. The first view of the lake was not an attractive one, as the shore for miles is fringed by a belt of dead trees, many still standing. From indications which he saw on the spot, Mr. Stewart confirms Mr. Thomson's view that there is no evidence of a continued and gradual rise in the waters of the lake. From the most easterly bay, where he first touched the lake shore, he crossed Molitonga Cape, the River Lonzua, and Cape Chikala to Pambete, where he met Mr. Thomson. Mr. Stewart started on the return journey on November 10 by the easiest route, and, as soon as he reached the highlands, sickness appeared among his men owing to the cold and wet, and caused much delay. All the way between the basins of the two lakes traces of ironstone were found, and on one hill-side in Mambwe there were eight smelting kilns in good order. The ore used is the brown hematite; it is very hard and compact, and is found in solid beds four or five feet thick. When Mr. Stewart arrived in the Chungu country, he found the trees thickly covered with large caterpillars, three or four inches long and as thick as the forefinger. The natives were gathering them in great numbers, and preserve them for food. One kind was of a light pea-green colour, the other dark, with white spots and sharp spines on the back. Mr. Stewart reached Lake Nyassa on December 3 after a march of 232 miles, or twenty-two miles less than the outward march to Pambete, and he thinks that a few more miles might be cut off by a carefully selected road; he has no hesitation in recommending that the line he took be accepted as the route between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, as the country to the eastward is from Mr. Thomson's experience undoubtedly difficult.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Antiquary. No. III. (Elliot Stock.) We do not notice any falling off in this useful periodical. "The Ancient Earldom of Mar," of which Mr. Harrington Beaumont contributes a first instalment, promises to be a useful popular account of a question, or rather series of questions, of much historical and legal interest. The letter of Charles I. with which the number opens is interesting, as every scrap concerning one who has influenced the fortunes of our country in so great a degree is worthy of preservation and study. "Colour in Folk-Medicine," too, is very good, and opens out what will be to many readers a new line of thought. We can say little in praise of "By Hook or by Crook;" and we strongly object to decorating the pages of a Review with woodcuts, however good, taken from the book noticed.

This is done in the paper, otherwise a harmless one, on *The Civil War in Herefordshire*.

THE January number of the *Library Journal* contains an examination by Mr. A. M. Pendleton of some common "Notions, Wise and Otherwise," on the subject of popular libraries, and the first instalment of Mr. W. E. A. Axon's industriously compiled "Notes on Chinese Libraries," in which he gives an account of the great encyclopaedia of Kanghe, a copy of which has been recently obtained for the British Museum. Mr. Melvil Dewey (or Dui, as he now writes himself) treats of "Consulting Librarianship," and announces that Mr. F. B. Perkins, one of the ablest officers of the Boston Public Library, has left that institution and started in Boston as a "Consulting Librarian." Prof. Sumner, of Yale, contributes a "Selected List of Books in Political Economy and Political Science," which is useful as far as it goes, but is inadequate alike in discrimination and in comprehensiveness; nor does the characterisation of the books seem always to rest upon first-hand knowledge. The usual Notes and News conclude an interesting number.

In the *Archivio Storico Italiano* Signor Modigliani publishes the "Statutes of the Commune of Anghiari" in the form in which they were redacted towards the end of the thirteenth century. Signor Lampertico writes on a neglected period of the history of Uguccione della Faggiuola when he was Podestà of Vicenza. Signor Frizzoni brings to a conclusion his interesting notes on "Italian Art in the National Gallery." Signor Cecchi, in commenting on the recent publication of the letters of Alessandra Macinighi negli Strozzi, draws a sketch of the development of social morality in Italy during the Renaissance which, in its carefulness and sobriety, deserves to be contrasted with the sensational writing and highly coloured pictures of that period to which English and French readers have been so accustomed in late years.

DR. OORT contributes a paper on the text of the prophet Amos to the *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for March, which is among the most important monographs which this obscure prophetic book has called forth. Among other noteworthy points is the conjecture that the feast of Succoth ("Tabernacles," Authorised Version) was originally the feast of Saccuth (an Assyrian name of Adar or Molech, restored by Schrader, with extreme probability, in Amos v. 25). Mr. Sidgwick's *Methods of Ethics* is described and criticised in a friendly spirit by Dr. Koekbakker, from whom similar articles on other English philosophical works may be expected. Dr. Oort's important book on the latter centuries of Israel's national independence is reviewed by Dr. Koster; the notice increases our regret that the translator of *The Bible for Young People* did not see his way to introduce this valuable appendix to the English reader, especially as it might have found favour with some who were not unreasonably repelled by certain characteristics of the main body of the work. The usual critical notices of books on Biblical science conclude this number. Among these we would specially mention that of Merx's important work on Joel by Dr. Kuenen (see ACADEMY, February 7, 1880), in which the learned and cautious reviewer at last definitely commits himself to the post-exile date of the Book of Joel.

In the current number of the *Anglia*, Mr. Phelan returns to his rolling three Arthur Massingers—of Gloucester, Salisbury, and London—into one, the father of Philip Massinger, the dramatist, but can only repeat his old groundless arguments. He also still tries to identify the *Tyrant*—doubtless Massinger's (at present) lost play—sold at John Warburton's sale on November 20, 1759, with the *Second Maiden's Tragedy* in the [Lansdowne] MSS.

which is printed in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*. Mr. Furnivall has, therefore, had to turn to Warburton's Sale Catalogue in the Museum, and naturally finds there the two plays entered separately, the *Tyrant* alone, and the *Second Maiden's Tragedy* with its two mates, as it is now on the Museum shelf:—

"211 The Tyrant, a Tragedy, 4to.

222 The Queens of Corsica, a Tragedy written by Fran. Jaques, 1642—The second Maiden's Tragedy, *Licenced by the Duke of Buckingham*, 31st Oct. 1611—The Buggbears, a Play, very ancient, fol."

This disposes of the Tieck-Phelan notion of the two plays being identical, as the one MS. can hardly have been a copy of the other; and it holds out hope that this *Tyrant* may be still recoverable. A MS. sold in 1759 ought to be traceable now; and, as it is one of a play of Massinger's, folk interested in the drama should bestir themselves to find the MS. Lord Lansdowne can hardly have bought it at Warburton's sale, or it would have been with the rest of his MSS. that his representatives sold to the nation in 1807. The interleaved copy of Warburton's Catalogue in the Museum does not contain the name of any buyer at his sale.

OBITUARY.

THE Swedish poetess Tekla Levinia Andrietta Knös died at Wexjö on the 10th inst., after a long interval of hopeless insanity. Tekla Knös gained the gold medal of the Swedish Academy for her poem of *Ragnar Lodbrok* in 1851. In 1852 she published *Elfvornas Qvällar*, and in 1853 two volumes of *Poems*. In 1855 she lost her mother, and came into closer intimacy with various literary persons, and particularly with Fredrika Bremer. About thirteen years ago her mind gave way, and, after being cared for by the Baroness Silfverstolpe until the death of that admirable lady, Tekla Knös entered the asylum at Wexjö in 1869, and has remained there until now.

The death is likewise announced of Baron de Jonge, sub-librarian of the Hague National Library, and author of a work on the *Rise and Growth of Dutch Power in the Indian Archipelago*; and of the Comte de Castlenau, author of a *Mémoire sur les Poissons de l'Afrique Australe*, &c.

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

THIS nobleman, so well known by his *Century of Inventions*, was, it will be remembered, imprisoned in the Tower of London for his adherence to the cause of Charles II. Some curious and interesting particulars respecting this imprisonment have recently come to light in the State papers. In December 1652 he petitioned the Council of State

"for a grant of such concealed debts as are not yet discovered or recovered by the State for satisfaction of some crying engagements, for want whereof certain persons will be ruined and himself utterly disgraced. Begs maintenance for himself, wife, and family; his brewer, baker, and cook call on him; his keeper has not received a penny for lodgings or fee. His audit roll of 1646, taken with him, surpassed £27,000, all of which with his then estate, during his father's life, ironworks, and woods, amounting to £4,000 a year, is sold, and only some impropriations and tithes remain. Begs a grant of these, in consideration of his voluntary coming in, his ingenuous answer, and submissive compliance, and, most of all, their noble dispositions."

A second petition, asking for maintenance for himself and family, set forth that, had he been taken in arms, he and his family would not have been left without bread, but he submitted voluntarily, and had lived in imprisonment six months on credit, which was hourly likely to fail, and his wife had neither jointure nor main-

tenance. A third petition asked for release on bail for his good behaviour and submission to the present Government. He thanked the Council for their charitable intentions for his subsistence, yet found the presentation of his condition obstructed by multiplicity of affairs, and was out of hope to be relieved. The Marquis, in his petitions, styled himself Earl of Worcester only, his late father's elevation to the marquise taking place in November 1642, when the titles conferred by the King were not recognised by Parliament. His second wife, a daughter of the Earl of Thomond, also petitioned, pleading that, though her portion was £20,000, she had only received £400 in six years, and but for the charity of friends must perish. The last petition of the Marquis was to Cromwell after he had dissolved Parliament. He lauds Cromwell's unparalleled endeavours for the common welfare, and adds, in reference to himself, that "no subject in England has been so hardly dealt with; but having recourse to the fountain head of mercy and nobleness, whose crystalline waters may now run without interruption, my heart is elevated with hopes." These hopes were not doomed to be disappointed; £3 a week was allowed him two days afterwards, to be paid weekly or otherwise, as he might choose, and with arrears. This is the same Marquis of Worcester whose romantic history so frequently figures in fiction.

KIRGHIZ PROVERBS.

THE following proverbial sayings are quoted, among others, by the *Turkestan Statistical Magazine* as being in vogue among the Kirghiz nomads. Many of them are, of course, only variations, though often curious and characteristic, of proverbs of a very wide circulation, such as "Forge while the iron is hot," or "A live mouse is better than a dead lion." Our own "It never rains but it pours" reappears as "One never falls but one falls from a nar" (a tall species of camel); and "Even a worm will turn" as "Don't pursue a coward too long, lest he become brave." "Nothing is cheap that you do not want" is "Burn the saddle which is too heavy for the horse, even if it be made of gold," or, as we remember Lord Palmerston once put it, "Dirt is matter in the wrong place." "One crow should not peck out the eyes of another" is almost identical with the Scotch "Hawks winna pyke out hawks' een;" and "Respect me and I'll call thee brother" (which is also the Russian form), is represented by the pithy Scotch version, "Ca' me, ca' thee." This mutual laudation is, by-the-way, even more laconically expressed in Punjabi by two words, signifying "the scratching against each other of two donkeys." Others of these Kirghiz sayings sum up in a sentence the moral of some well-known fable, as "Take-it-easy will overtake a hare, even in an araba" (country cart), "Between two camels a fly will easily come to grief." Others breathe the free spirit of the Steppe, as, "He whose mother was a slave is no slave unless he becomes so by his own deeds;" "The son of a noble father may become a prince or a slave;" "The people is sacred;" "A great festival is one for the whole people;" "Only a cur would ask a brave man who his father was." Shrewdness and pathos and humour are all represented. "Be discreet and you will never have to eat dirt," and "Don't fulfil an order and put yourself to shame," recal "Surtout point de zèle." "The lost knife had a golden handle, the lost cow gave the largest supply of milk," reminds us of the angler's lost salmon. "A sharp knife is better for work, but it cuts the sheath"—this is just the

"Fiery soul which, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay."

"A horse cannot roll about without leaving

some hairs on the ground;" "The father's thought is the child, the child's thought is the Steppe;" "Your daughter is at home, but her reputation is abroad;" "The dog barks, but the caravan moves on;" "Abuse is more harmless than smoke; it does not affect the eyes;" "One meal is worth forty salaams;" "Lies are useful weapons, but they injure the soul." This maxim may pass current in the Steppe, but hardly in the cities of Central Asia! "A beautiful woman cannot remain virtuous" is, at all events, genuinely Asiatic. "When you have a grievance go to the Khan, when hungry to a rich man"—this is perhaps ironical. "A coloured cup may lose its colour, but not its shape" expresses more than the corresponding "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?"

Some of the collection have quite the ring, and even more than that, of the utterances of Solomon, as, "If a rich man is made a judge, he will be like a leafy tree: if a poor man, like a withered branch;" "When a rich man loses his wife, another takes her place: when a poor man loses his, trouble becomes his bed-fellow;" and this, especially, "A good man's desire for vengeance lasts till dinner time, while a bad man's outlives his victim."

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

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BOURGOIN, J. *Grammaire élémentaire de l'Ornement*. Paris: Delagrave. 7 fr. 50 c.
FIANCE, A. *Les Œuvres complètes de Bernard Palissy*. Paris: Charavay. 6 fr.
SCHAFNER, A. *Lord Byron's Cain u. seine Quellen*. Strassburg: Trübner. 1 M.

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- DELBRÜCK, H. *Das Leben d. Feldmarschalls Grafen Neithardt v. Gneisenau*. 4. Bd. 1814-15. Berlin: Reimer. 10 M.
IENO, T. *Bonaparte et son Temps*. T. 1. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
KRUSCH, B. *Studien zur christlich-mittelalterlichen Chronologie*. Der 84. Jhr. Oostercyus u. seine Quellen. Leipzig: Veit. 10 M.
MACGREGOR, A. *Old Glasgow: the Place and the People*. Blackie. 42s.
MONUMENTA spectantia historiam Slavorum meridionalium. Vol. X. Monumenta Ragusina. Libri reformationum. Tomus I. Ann. 1306-47. Agram: Hartman. 5 M.
WYCHGRAM, J. *Albertino Mussato. Ein Beitrag zur italien. Geschichte d. 14. Jahrh.* Leipzig: Veit. 2 M. 40 Pf.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

- GONZEL, H. *Die Vögel des Kreises Uman, Gouvernement Kiew*. St. Petersburg. 4s.
HAYEK, G. v. *Handbuch der Zoologie*. 10. Lfg. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 3 M. 60 Pf.
MOELLER, V. v. *Die Foraminiferen d. russischen Kohlenkalks*. St. Petersburg. 5s. 6d.
SCHMALHANSEN, J. *Beiträge zur Jura-Flora Russlands*. St. Petersburg. 7s. 4d.
WILHELM, K. *Beiträge zur Kenntniss d. Siebröhrenapparates dicotyler Pflanzen*. Leipzig: Engelmann. 10 M.
WURTZ, Ad. *Traité de Chimie biologique*. 1^{re} Partie. Paris: Masson. 7 fr.
ZELLER, E. *Ueb. das Kantische Moralprincip*. Berlin: Dümmler. 1 M. 50 Pf.

Philology, &c.

- BIBLIOTHECA arabo-sicula. Raccolta da M. Amari. Versione italiana. Vol. I. Roma: Loescher. 18 L.
CLOERMONT-GANNEAU, Ch. *L'imagerie phénicienne et la Mythologie iconologique chez les Grecs*. I. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.
DORSCH, N. *Beiträge zur neu-griechischen Wortbildungslehre*. Leipzig: Matthes. 1 M. 60 Pf.
GODEFROY, F. *Dictionnaire de l'ancienne Langue française et de tous ses Dialectes du IX^e au XV^e Siècle*. 1^{er} Fasc. Paris: Vieweg. 5 fr.
GUILLAUME DE PALERNE, p. p. H. Michelant. Paris: Firmin-Didot.
KATALOG der Bibliothek der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft. I. Druckschriften u. Aehnliches. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 6 M.
PROTODICOS, J. *De aedibus homeridis*. Leipzig: Matthes. 1 M. 20 Pf.
WUENSCH, A. *Bibliotheca rabbinica*. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Schulze. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GROTE AND PROF. SCHÖMANN.

University College, Oxford: March 19, 1880.

Prof. Mahaffy's unqualified adhesion to Grote's views of Athenian constitutional history will surprise many students (*vide* notice of translation of Schömann's *Handbook*, ACADEMY, March 13). I do not think that all Schömann's points are important, or all proved; but I think that some which are important are proved, not on the evidence of the Attic orators, but on the evidence of Aristotle. I should like to draw attention to two only. First in importance and in certainty comes the contention that the four Ionic tribes contained the whole Athenian people before Kleisthenes, if not before Solon. This seems to me proved, unless the quotation from Aristotle (*fr.* 347) can be impeached.

If so, we must give up the extensions of the suffrage which Grote so lavishly ascribes to Solon and Kleisthenes, enfranchising the same class twice over (*vide* Freeman, *Essays*, series ii., p. 122, note), and admit that, though the Kleisthenian tribes more easily received aliens, yet free native Athenians were citizens by birth in Solon's time, as in the fifth century. In other words, the development from a "patrician" government to one in which "plebeians" were included, as indicated by Grote and insisted on by Freeman, would seem to be a figment.

(The real extension of the higher political rights to a new class as such, by taking personal property into the census, Grote at first ascribed to Solon; but as his work now stands it is hardly mentioned.)

Second comes the familiar problem of the Jury-courts; here everything turns on the genuineness and interpretation of a passage of Aristotle (*Politics*, ii. 12). I should not have thought that anyone would now maintain Grote's interpretation; if not, surely Aristotle says that Solon made the Jury-courts, and that by giving them such powers as involved the establishment of the democracy.

It is a pity, I think, that our admiration for Grote's genius should blind us to the defects (but for Prof. Mahaffy's high authority I should have said the palpable defects) of his account of the Athenian democracy. No doubt he is right much more than wrong; but he would not believe that Athens doubled the tribute in 425 or depreciated the coinage in 407 (*vide* on this Macaulay, *History of England*, iv. 623). The point is that the economical grounds on which Grote denies the depreciation could not have appeared tenable to him but for some bias; and our experience of these and the above matters, which are comparatively certain, should make us doubt the unmixed value of English political experience when applied beyond the range of evidence to the re-construction of Athenian history. B. BOSANQUET.

THE ASTURIAN NEUTER.

6 Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater, W.: March 20, 1880.

The Asturian Spanish dialect is the only one among those of the Neo-Latin branch which is possessed of a regular neuter termination for its adjective. To Latin *us*, *a*, *um* corresponds Asturian *u*, *a*, *o*. In this very interesting dialect *bonu* ("good"), for instance, always refers to a masculine substantive and *bona* to a feminine, while *bono* is used in a neuter and indeterminate sense. "The good tree" is rendered by *el árbol bonu*; "the good earth" by *la tierra bona*; and "what is good" by *lo bono*. The article also, as in Spanish, has its three genders—*el*, *la*, *lo*; but in this last language adjectives in *o* are masculine and in *a* feminine, while the neuter is always replaced by the masculine. With regard to Italian, *il* and *lo* exist both for masculine and

la for feminine; but the distinction between masculine and neuter is not observed. "The horse, the fright, the earth, what is good, what is strange," are rendered, in Spanish, by *el caballo*, *el espanto*; *la tierra*; *lo bueno*, *lo extraño*; in Italian, by *il cavallo*, *lo spavento*; *la terra*; *il bello*, *lo strano*; and in Asturian, by *el caballu*, *el espantu*; *la tierra*; *lo bono*, *lo extraño*.

However interesting this peculiarity of the Asturian dialect may be, its importance is increased, if I be not mistaken, by the support it affords to the opinion of those who regard the Latin nominative, rather than the accusative or the ablative, as the origin of the Neo-Latin singular. It is, in fact, rather difficult to admit that Asturian *bonu*, *bono*, have both the same derivation from the accusative *bonum* or from the ablative *bono*, and not from the masculine nominative *bonus* the first, and from the neuter nominative *bonum* the second. The termination in *us* is quite as near to *bonu* as the termination in *um*; but this last explains much better the neuter *bono* than the termination in *us*.

It has been observed by phonetists that nasality gives to *u* a tendency towards *o*, and it is more than possible that Latin final *u* had no other object than that of nasalising this vowel, giving to it a sound more or less approaching that of *o* as it is heard in the French pronunciation of Latin words finished in *um*, which sound as if they were finished in *om*—*templom*, *bonom*, &c., instead of *templum*, *bonum*, with the Italian and Spanish *u*. It is here to be remarked that French influence has nothing to do with the pronunciation in *om*, for, if such were the case, the Latin final *um* would not be pronounced as *om*, but as *um* nasal in the French words *parfum*, *alum*, &c. Moreover, other languages show the permutation of *u* into *o* under a nasal influence, as in *obruetz* Bohemian, corresponding to *obručz* Polish, syn. of *obručz*, "hoop," pronounced *obručz* with nasal *o*.

It seems then to me that Asturian *bonu*, *bona*, *bono*, is much better explained by *bonus*, *bona*, *bonum*, than by *bonum*, *bonam*, *bonum*, because of the repugnance one feels in admitting that two distinct terminations like *u* and *o*, corresponding so well in gender to the nominative *us* and *um*, may be both indiscriminately derived from the sole accusative termination in *um*.

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

A PASSAGE IN "2 HENRY IV."

Cambridge, Mass., U.S.: Feb. 28, 1880.

In 2 *Henry IV.*, the Cambridge editors end the fourth scene of act IV. with line 132, where the king asks to be borne "into some other chamber." There is no new scene here in the early editions, and the modern ones generally follow Capell in directing that the king be "conveyed into an inner part of the room and laid upon a bed." Dyce (second edition) has the stage direction, "They place the king on a bed: a change of scene being supposed here;" but he makes no change of scene. The Cambridge editors say:—

"Capell's stage direction is not satisfactory, for it implies a change of scene, though none is indicated in the text. The king's couch would not be placed in a recess at the back of the stage, because he has to make speeches from it of considerable length. He must therefore be lying in front of the stage, where he could be seen and heard by the audience."

It is passing strange that they did not see—and that no commentator, so far as I am aware, has seen—that the text itself furnishes indisputable evidence of a change of scene.

At IV. iv. 110 the king swoons, after saying, "And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy—O me! come near me, now I am much ill."

At the close of the very same scene, as the editors generally make it, he asks,

"Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?"

On being told that "'tis called Jerusalem," he asks that he may be carried back to that chamber:

"But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

But, if there has been no change of scene, he is already in the Jerusalem Chamber. According to the common text, the king is not carried to another chamber when he bids his attendants do it; and yet he asks to be borne back to the room in which he has remained all the time. Collier not only makes this mistake, but also adds this note:—"Of course, Henry remains in the same apartment until after the interview with his son, and then he retires to the Jerusalem Chamber." How could he help seeing that his two rooms are one and the same?

The Jerusalem Chamber is not a bedroom. The king is holding a council there when he swoons; and when he asks to be taken "to some other chamber" (that is, to a bedroom) he is, of course, obeyed, and the scene shifts to that chamber, where he remains until he asks to be carried back to the Jerusalem Chamber on account of the prophecy concerning his death.

The Cambridge editors, although they end scene iv. at the point mentioned above, omit the usual *Exeunt*. Whether this was intentional or not, I have no means of knowing. In my edition now printing I make the change of scene and insert the *Exeunt*. W. J. ROLFE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

THURSDAY, April 1, 4 p.m. Archaeological Institute.

8 p.m. Linnæan.

8 p.m. Chemical.

FRIDAY, April 2, 7 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Construction of Brick and Concrete Egg-shaped Sewers," by E. van Putten.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Best Route for a Line of Railway to India," by B. Haughton.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

Maistre Wace's Roman de Rou et des Ducs de Normandie. Nach den Handschriften von Neuem herausgegeben von Dr. Hugo Andresen. (Heilbronn: Henninger; London: Trübner.)

PLUQUET's edition of the *Roman de Rou* is so inaccurate, and has so long been practically unobtainable, that a warm welcome will be accorded to the new one whose title is here given; an edition which (though Dr. Andresen might have spared four-fifths of the space devoted to exposing Pluquet's mistakes and alterations) we may at once say entirely surpasses its predecessor. The advance in historical, critical, and linguistic methods during the half-century since the poem was first printed is so great, and our knowledge of Old French in particular has so increased, that even if Pluquet had been considerably less careless than he was, a new edition by a competent scholar was much to be desired; and though, as might be expected, Dr. Andresen is not equally well prepared in all the subjects required for editing Wace's work, scholars have reason to be, on the whole, well satisfied with the result of his labours.

The present editor's strong point is evidently history. In two hundred closely printed pages of notes (not including the introductory discussion as to whether all the poem is by Wace), to which reference is

made tolerably easy by an Index of persons and places, he compares Wace's statements with those of the other Old-French and Latin chronicles treating of the subject, and gives the biographical and geographical information required to appreciate them; and though numerous points (sometimes because of MS. corruptions) remain obscure, the fullness and carefulness of his treatment render this part of the work a valuable contribution to the interpretation and restoration of the text and to our historical knowledge. That its preparation delayed the completion of the book for two years will be best understood and excused by those who have gone through similar time-consuming work; but the account of the modern literary history of the poem is so entirely composed of details that we get no clear idea of the poet or his work, and wish it shortened by the omission of the republication and re-refutation of obsolete guesses.

As regards the text, the later and altered language of the sole MS. of the first two parts and of the *Chronique Ascendante* (a short poem of doubtful authorship appended to them in the MS.) have been transliterated by the editor into that of the oldest MS. (Brit. Mus. Reg. 4, C. xi.) of the third and largest part; and most of the numerous scribal errors, which often make the original unintelligible, have been more or less satisfactorily corrected. In the third part the editor has wisely confined himself to reproducing (false readings excepted) the text of the British Museum MS., which is probably little more than a generation later than the poem itself, and whose language has been but slightly modernised or Anglicised by the scribes. In restoring the readings he has, of course, availed himself of all four MSS. (whose variants are given at the foot of the page), being guided by a preliminary examination of their relations. The first 336 lines of this part have been printed by Prof. Meyer in his *Recueil d'anciens Textes*, and, as Dr. Andresen remarks, there is little difference between the two editors with respect to readings. A comparison of the forms with those of the MS. which both follow shows, however, that neither print is free from errors; and as Dr. Andresen goes so far in the way of literal reproduction as not to normalise the *i*'s and *j*'s, *u*'s and *v*'s, or to use any diacritics (matters of less consequence than the indication of MS. contractions), the show of accuracy in his case is much more likely to mislead his readers. Most of his misprints or misreadings, which here average one in every twenty lines, are, it is true, of little importance, though they are responsible for several of the anomalous forms (*mieux* for *mieu*, *douz* for *dous*, *escuiers* for *escuiers*) he has pointed out; but this cannot be said of *eir* and *paleis* for *air* and *paleis*, or even of the non-mention of the fact (duly recorded by Prof. Meyer) that accented letters are common. Complete accuracy in a print of a text containing over eleven thousand lines is, of course, not to be looked for; but proper revision would have greatly diminished the number of errors, and if the editor was unable to have the proofs read over with the MS., he should have warned his readers.

Of the linguistic part of the editor's work,

and of the important branch of his text-criticism which depends on it, we cannot speak very favourably. The hundred pages (to which must be added a few in the Introduction) he has devoted to cataloguing, and occasionally discussing, the peculiarities of spellings, inflections, and rhymes are, indeed, ample evidence of his industry and a useful collection of materials; but, in spite of occasional references, it is evident that Dr. Andresen is only imperfectly acquainted with the important researches of the last few years. Besides this ignorance of various recent discoveries, especially in phonology (for instance, the important Early Old-French distinction between *e* = Latin *ē*, and *e* = Latin *æ* in position, is not mentioned, and the question whether Wace distinguished or confounded the sounds is consequently not even raised), there is an imperfection of method apparent in the absence of a systematic attempt to determine, by a complete examination of rhymes and comparison of some living dialect of North-west Normandy, the phonetic features of the poet's language, as well as in the frequent non-distinction (as in discussing the diphthongs *oi*, *ui*) between orthographical and phonetic phenomena. With a few exceptions, Dr. Andresen confines himself in this department to repeating the opinions of the writers he has consulted, even where his own facts are inconsistent with them; thus we are told once more that Old-French *ai*, *ei*, and *e* were all the same to Anglo-Norman scribes, though he himself remarks that the twice-occurring spelling *pais* perhaps indicates the passage of *ai* to *e* in pronunciation, and though the above-mentioned forms *air*, *paleis* (which he might have seen in Prof. Meyer's extract) are irreconcilable with the theory that the scribe who used them pronounced the Old-French *ai* of these words as simple *e*. Of mere errors of detail we will note but one or two. Wace's presumed inaccurate rhymes of *é* on *è* are correct, for *cembel* (Italian *zimbello*) had certainly *è*, not *é*, and there is no reason to suppose that *Alveré* (Old-English *Ælfréd*) had anything but *é*; and *en* in *Engleterre* does not stand for *an*, as the word (Italian *Inghilterra*) comes from the mutated form. Perhaps the most striking deficiency of treatment is in one of the most important points—the question whether Wace distinguished the sound resulting from *iè* + *i*, which is *i* in Parisian and some Norman (and other) dialects (*lire* = *legere*, *gist* = *jacet*), from general French *i* (*dire* = *dicere*, *fiat* = *fecit*). Dr. Andresen has indeed noted a number of cases in which words of the former class are spelt with *ie* (*liere*, *giesent*), but his account requires correcting and supplementing. Spellings with *ie* occur, not only in the British Museum MS., but in the three others; in *piere*, *pies*, *desconfiere*, *sofiere*, *ie* corresponds to Latin *ē* (*pějor*, *pėjus*, *-fēcere*), not to *ē* or *i*; and though in *diere*, *ociere*, where it corresponds to Latin *ī* (*dicere*, *occidere*), *ie* is doubtless a scribal error, the *ie* of Modern-French *vierege* from Old-French *virge* (*virginem*) is by no means anomalous, as the same sound-change has taken place in Modern-French *cierge* from Old-French *cirge* (*cēreum*), the only other word in which *i* was followed by *rge*. More surprising than these errors is the omission

of every case in which this *iè* (we may thus distinguish it from *ié* and *i-e*) is final; beside numerous place-names in *-iè* (Modern-French *-y*, rarely *-é*) from Celto-Latin *-iācum*, there are *liè* and *celiè* (from a Latin form *illaec*), and *miè* (*mi*, *medium*). That this omission is no mere oversight is evident from the editor's consistently printing *mi(e)*, and altering *devers mièdi* (iii. 6344) into *vers mièdi*, as if the *e* were in the former case a scribal error, in the latter the syllabic feminine ending. Most surprising is his not having examined whether words entitled to *iè* rhyme on those entitled to *i* only; a rapid perusal has shown us no such case in the third part, and but nine in the others. As these cases all occur in stanzas of unfixed length, and as there is here but one MS., some at least are probably alterations or interpolations; so that, with the frequent spelling *ie*, and the fact—not hinted at by Dr. Andresen—that these *ie* forms occur in Modern Guernsey (*Métivier* gives, for instance, *pière* = *pire*, *liet* = *lit*), it is all but certain that the sound that Wace, a native of Jersey, gave to the result of *iè* + *i* was not *i*, but *iè*. As we have named the Channel Islands, we would ask the editor's reasons for believing the *ui* of *Gersui* (as the MS. regularly spells it) not to be etymological; the word rhymes on *sui* (Modern-French *suis*) and on *Guernerui* (Guernsey), which is etymologically an extremely correct form (Latin *Grenerodius*). Lastly, we regret for more reasons than one the absence of a reference glossary of rare words, or words used in unusual meanings; it would have been considerably more useful than the lists of passages in which common normal forms of strong verbs occur.

Of the importance and many-sided interest of Wace's famous poem we need say but little. Looking at it simply as a literary production, we now read with amused astonishment the comments, "veriest rhymers," "lifeless tone," "chilling apathy," "sluggish feeling," of the English reviewer (quoted by Dr. Andresen) of the original edition; for though Wace is not a great poet, he at least possesses the merit—no small one in a chronicler—of liveliness. As a generally trustworthy record of events on which contemporary native English historians are naturally reticent, and as a memorial of the ancestors of many of the chief actors in later Norman-English history, it is often invaluable; while, as a specimen of a Norman dialect of the time (about A.D. 1170) when English was beginning to rapidly appropriate French words, it cannot be neglected by either French or English philologists. In conclusion, we can only recommend all Englishmen who take an interest in national history or in family biography, in early literature or in mediaeval life—provided they know enough Old French to make out the text or enough German to understand the notes—to read Dr. Andresen's edition themselves.

HENRY NICOL.

CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

Science for All. Edited by Robert Brown, M.A. Vol. II. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.) The second volume of this very useful publication contains a number of articles on those subjects which, at the present time, most

fully engage the attention of the scientific world. They are written for the most part by men who have specially devoted themselves to the study of the subject upon which they discourse. All branches of science equally find a place in the work; we have the "Sun" by Mr. Proctor, "Diamonds" by Mr. Rudler, "The Physics of Music" by Prof. Eaton Lowe, "Touch" by Mr. Jeffery Bell, "Polar Ice" by Mr. Moss, and a number of other equally interesting and instructive articles. The illustrations are very good, and the work entirely maintains its original high standard under the able editorship of Dr. Robert Brown.

The Rise and Development of Organic Chemistry. By Carl Schorlemmer, F.R.S. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) Few chemists are more competent to write on the subject of organic chemistry than Mr. Schorlemmer. He has given us within the compass of a little more than a hundred pages a very succinct account of the rise and progress of what was once called organic chemistry. The first and only acid known to the ancients was an organic acid—vinegar. By the action of this on the alkalies the first artificial salts were obtained, and the first re-agent (which word the author appears to use in the sense of test only) was the infusion of nut-galls, which was used for the detection of iron in the form of green vitriol in verdigris. Pliny mentions that paper steeped in infusion of nut-galls was used for this purpose:—"Deprehenditur et papyro, galla prius macerata; nigrescit enim statim aerugine illita." The author discusses the origin of the word "chemistry" at some length. The latest writer on the subject is Prof. Gildemeister (*Zeitsch. Deutsch. Morgenl. Ges.*, xxx. 634), who asserts that the word *kīmiyā* in Arabic signifies the name of a substance by means of which the transmutation of metals may be effected, and synonymous with *iksir*. Alchemy thus becomes the science of *kīmiyā*, or *iksir*. Later Arabic writers called the science *al-kīmiyā*, and applied the term *al-iksir* (which afterwards became *elixir*) to the philosopher's stone. As to the progress of chemistry, the author commences the bifurcation with Agricola and the metallurgical chemists on the one hand, and with Paracelsus and the iatro-chemists on the other. In the next century Boyle pointed out that chemistry must no longer be ancillary to any one science, but that it is itself a definite and individual science. Afterwards came attempts at classification, the division of the science into inorganic and organic, the discoveries of Scheele and Lavoisier, and the commencement of quantitative chemistry. The first great step in the history of organic chemistry was undoubtedly the artificial production of a substance hitherto believed to be produced solely in the living organism of animals. The author traces with great skill and ingenuity the succeeding history of the science, the various theories of substitution, direct and inverse, types, conjugated, formulated, residues, valency, and isomerism, ending with an account of the synthesis of indigo and indigo purpurin. We cordially recommend Mr. Schorlemmer's admirable little work to all students of chemistry, both young and old.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

We hear that Mr. Carter, who has charge of what is known as the "elephant expedition" of the International African Association, intends to remain at Karema, M. Cambier's station on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, during the rainy season, and will then return to the coast for further orders. In so doing, he proposes to try a new and more direct route than has hitherto been followed *via* Mpwapwa, and will march nearly along the seventh parallel of south latitude, thus avoiding the

Ugogo country, which is a source of so much trouble to travellers.

THE establishment of the Church Missionary Society's station at Mpwapwa and of that of the Universities' mission at Magila is stated to have already had the useful effect of inducing a large number of natives to settle down peaceably at those places.

MR. WALSH, who is well known for his researches into the natural history of South Central Africa, has recently arrived in Kimberley, and it is stated that he is about to accompany a Roman Catholic missionary expedition, which is preparing to start for the Victoria Nyanza. Mr. Walsh has had considerable experience in travelling in the interior, for, in company with Dr. Bradshaw, he spent some time with Mr. Westbeach at Pandamatinka, the most northern trading station in South Africa, and situated above the Victoria Falls.

THE last mail from the Cape brings news that the Matabele have been defeated by the Mashonas, and it is thought most probable that their country, which is considered the richest gold-field in South Africa, will now be open to Europeans, as the Mashonas are reputed to be peaceable and hard-working. Hitherto it has been very difficult to penetrate into the Matabele country, as Lo Bengula, their chief, would only allow Europeans to visit certain districts.

DR. WILLIAM K. PEDEN has just left England to join the Scotch Presbyterian mission station at Blantyre on the heights between the Upper Shiré and Lake Shirwa, and he hopes to be able to take useful meteorological and hypsometrical observations in that mountainous region of East Africa.

MR. F. C. SELONS, who has spent much time on the Upper Zambesi and its tributaries, and has made more than one attempt to reach Lake Bangweolo, is about to start on another expedition from the Transvaal with the same object. Mr. Richard Frewen, it will be remembered, proposed some two years ago to make a journey from near the Victoria Falls to this lake, but was obliged by ill-health to abandon the idea of spanning what has been termed the "unconnected link between the Cape of Good Hope and the Mediterranean," and the region still remains a blank on our maps.

MR. E. B. FLEGEL has just had lithographed at Gotha his large-scale chart of the Binue branch of the Niger, from Djen to Ribago, from surveys which he made when attached to the Church Missionary Society's expedition under Mr. J. H. Ashcroft last summer. Mr. Flegel has made the several sheets the more interesting by introducing some small sketches of noteworthy spots in this previously unexplored region.

SURGEON-MAJOR J. E. T. AITCHISON, who has already done good scientific work on our North-West frontier, has just returned to India to resume his botanical explorations in Afghanistan. Previously to leaving England, Dr. Aitchison also qualified himself for making topographical observations, and he hopes to have opportunities for doing good geographical work.

WE hear that Prof. Wagner, at present Professor of Geography at the University of Königsberg, has accepted the chair rendered vacant by the death of Prof. Wappäus at Göttingen.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Beard as an Ethnical Characteristic.—A recent number of M. Broca's *Revue d'Anthropologie* contains a valuable paper by Mr. O. Staniland Wake, of Hull, entitled "La Barbe considérée comme Caractère de Races." It is but few writers on ethnology who have recog-

nised the beard as an important race-character, and many travellers have been so careless as to make no observations as to the presence or absence of the beard among the peoples whom they have visited. Mr. Wake, after an elaborate ethnological survey, concludes that the hair on the face is a character of much value to the anthropologist. It is curious that the most highly civilised races are those most plentifully supplied with beard; and, in fact, the beardless peoples may be compared to the children, and the bearded to the adults of the human race. It is further suggested by Mr. Wake's studies that the development of the beard is a special characteristic of dolichocephalic races, while its absence is connected with brachycephalism. To this generalisation there are, at the present time, many exceptions, which the author attempts to dispose of with much ingenuity.

In part ii. of vol. xi. of the *Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College*, the publication of which has quickly followed that of part i., Prof. Pickering communicates the results of photometric measurements of the satellites of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, of unequal double stars, and of miscellaneous objects. The satellites of Mars offered a photometric problem of no little difficulty. To measure their brightness in terms of that of the planet involved the determination of a photometric interval as great as that between the sun and moon, while the faintness of the satellites was such as to preclude the ordinary methods of measurement. The several plans which, under the circumstances, were resorted to led ultimately to the conclusion that, in case the capacity of reflecting the sun's light is the same for the satellites and for the planet, the diameter of the inner satellite, Phobos, is .00122, and that of the outer, Deimos, .00107 of that of Mars. The true diameters are probably greater rather than less, since the colour seems to be darker than that of the planet. In any case, they must be such small objects, even as seen from Mars itself, that their phases could scarcely be recognised by the unassisted eye of an observer stationed on the planet. The number of observations obtained during the late opposition of 1879 has proved unexpectedly large. The photometric measurements, which were confined to Deimos, are wholly independent of those made in 1877, different methods and different instruments being employed; and they lead to the conclusion that the mean brightness of the satellite appeared greater in 1879 than in 1877, and its light, when on the following side, exceeded by nearly half a magnitude that on the preceding side. The diameter deduced from these later observations is .00135. That the great difficulty of seeing the satellites arises from the proximity of Mars and is but little affected by moonlight is strikingly shown by the fact that the best series of position angles was obtained when the moon was less than four degrees distant. The satellites seem to have been observed longer at the Harvard Observatory than at Washington, Deimos having been measured on December 30, so that there is good prospect that they will be observable again during several weeks at the end of 1881. The photometric measurements of the satellites of Saturn show that the total change in the light of Iapetus is much less than is commonly supposed, and they indicate the diameters of the satellites, expressed in ten-thousandths of the diameter of Saturn, to be:—Titan, 200; Rhea, 106; Tethys, 81; Dione, 77; Enceladus, 52; Mimas, 42; Hyperion, 27; while that of Iapetus is 60—the light varying between that of bodies of diameter 82 and 44. No observations were obtained of the inner satellites of Uranus in consequence of their extreme faintness; the measurements of the outer ones gave the diameter of Titania .0175, and of Oberon

0162, of that of Uranus. The observations of the light of Neptune's satellite indicate an unexpectedly large value of its diameter—0652 of that of the planet.

Prof. Loomis' Twelfth Contribution.—This appeared in *Silliman's Journal* for February. The first part contains two charts of mean pressure for the United States for January and July, which differ somewhat from previous charts. *En passant*, the professor remarks that Dunwoody's Tables, published in the Signal Service Report for 1876, give good results for sea-level reductions up to 7,000 feet. He next discusses the question of the difference in the rate of motion of storm centres in America and Europe, the former being nearly double the latter, and he finds that, by a comparison of the amount of rain collected with a falling and a rising barometer respectively, the proportion at Philadelphia is 3:1; on the west coast of Europe it is greater than 2:1; at Paris it is 3:2; and in Central Europe the ratio is in the opposite way. The third part of the paper refers to the motion of rapidly travelling storms advancing more than 1,000 miles a day, of which an analysis published by the Deutsche Seewarte at Hamburg gave for Europe eleven in the two years 1876-77, while in the United States the annual average is fourteen. All of these rapidly moving storms were accompanied by an unusual extension of the rain area in advance of the storm centre, and by a large amount of abnormal winds, i.e., winds from S. by E. to N.E., in front of the system. Prof. Loomis thinks that, though the immense area of the United States weather maps is not sufficient to show all the causes which produced rapid motion, the main principle is that pressure is diminished in front by the efflux of easterly winds from adjacent regions of high pressure, and by the condensation of moisture, and is increased in the rear by the influx of violent N.W. winds.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

The Cymmrodor, or Journal of the Welsh Society of the Cymmrodorion, is now in its third volume, and in the enjoyment of full vigour. The recently issued number contains, among other things, a very valuable and learned article by the new editor, Mr. Thomas Powell, on "Some Forms and Uses of the Substantive Verb in Welsh;" also an exact copy by Prof. John Rhys of the so-called "Historical Triads" as given in the Red Book of Hergest; and we must add that the first fifty pages are devoted to a paper by the Rev. John Davies on "The Celtic Languages in Relation to other Aryan Tongues." The writer tries to show that the Celts have contributed a good deal to the vocabulary of Latin and Teutonic. He is very erudite, but lacking in due respect for the phonetic laws of the Celtic languages; as when he will have it that the English word *flask* is a Celtic loan word, and adduces as proof a Welsh *flasc* and an Irish *flasc*, without perceiving the difficulty occasioned by the initial *f* in the two latter, where they could not stand unless one or both words were borrowed. Mr. Davies, who is himself an Englishman, ought to have considered whether his views will not tend to perpetuate the old idea of our Celtic countrymen that most or all languages of the civilised world are derived mainly from Welsh or Irish. Mr. Stokes and other recent Celts, on whom he makes war, have been at some pains to make room for a more scientific study of Celtic, and one would be sorry to see the return of chaos.

MR. KERSLAKE has, in the *Transactions* of the Dorset Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club, recently been studying the Welsh dedications of churches in Dorset. He successfully

disposes of the so-called Devonian Compact and the Defusaetas, and substitutes for them certain Dunsætes or Mountain Dwellers, whom he tries to establish as a sort of a little or surrounded Wales in Dorset so late as the time of Ethelred. We should, however, advise him to pursue the studies he has so well begun without assuming, for instance, that "the labial convertibility of *w* and *b* is well known." We would also call his attention to some inscriptions found at Wareham and published not long ago in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*; their existence there has been rather a puzzle to us, as they certainly seem to be of Welsh origin and not to date before the ninth century or so.

At the last meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society, a paper was read by Mr. Lewis for the Rev. W. O. Green on *γνωσμάχην*. Mr. Green contended that *γνωσμάχην* was for *γνώμαι τὴν μάχην*, not *μάχεσθαι τῇ γνώσει*. The former view was Elmsley's (not the latter, as L. and S. s. v. implied), note on *Heracld.* 706. The word occurs five times; three times in Herodotus (iii. 25, vii. 130, viii. 129), in all of which places it refers to combatants and an impending contest (*μάχην*), in which the weaker, or supposed weaker, adversary, *γνωσμάχῃ*, "gives in" as owning his weakness, and in all of which places the sense "to contest one's previous opinions, change one's mind," is unsuitable; while in the second passage it is absurd, as the Thessalians had had no "previous idea" of superiority over the Persians. So also in Aristoph. *Av.* 555 and in Eur. *Heracld.* 706. *γνωσμάχῃ* comes from an adjective, *γνωσμάχος*, like *λυσιμάχος*, Ar. *Pax.* 992: cf. *μνησκάειν*, *κρουσθῆναι*, &c., and from analogy should mean to have a *γνώσις* of one's *μάχη* rather than have a *μάχη* with one's *γνώσις*. A discussion followed, in which it was observed that the meaning of *γνωσμάχην* might have been derived from that of being at odds with oneself, wavering in one's opinion, and also that *ζυγομάχην* would justify the formation of the word on that hypothesis.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, March 17.)

SIR P. DE COLQUHOUN, Q.C., in the Chair.—Mr. J. W. Redhouse read a paper "On a Theory of the Chief Human Races of Europe and Asia," in which he combated the usually received views of the spread of the Aryan tribes N.W. into Europe, and S.E. into India, from the high plateau of Pamir in Central Asia. He based the theory he advanced—viz., that they really came from the N.W. Polar regions—on the considerations of the map, and the geology of the Old World of Europe, Asia, and Africa, guided by such fragmentary traditions of sudden upheavals or subsidences as have been more or less corruptly preserved and handed down to us, and which seem to show the probability that this portion of the earth's surface may, in some prehistoric age, have consisted of several distinct continents, islands, or archipelagoes. Each of these must have been tenanted by a fauna and a flora, nearly, if not quite, peculiar to themselves, just as America, Australia, and New Zealand were found to be, when first discovered by Europeans. Certain it is that over this whole range a tropical climate must once have prevailed, and perhaps over the ideal lost continent also. Mr. Redhouse's paper was illustrated by sixteen skeleton maps, showing the successive alterations of the earth's surface he regarded most probable.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, March 18.)

EDWIN FRESHFIELD, Esq., V.-P., in the Chair.—The Rev. Benjamin Webb exhibited an altar frontal which had been found in the parish chest at Alveley Church, Shropshire. It is a very fine specimen of English embroidery of the fifteenth century, being composed of panes of red and white damask, the pattern of the damask being a crown and pineapple. On it are worked, in gold and coloured silks,

a figure of Abraham holding souls in a cloth, a figure common enough on English brasses, with angels on each side, and above alternate fleurs-de-lis and pomegranates.—Mr. C. S. Percival exhibited a grant by Edward I. to Glastonbury, in which the initial letter was illuminated, an unusual occurrence among Chancery documents.—Mr. S. A. Moore exhibited a few documents from Dartmouth, bearing the seals of the Corporation at various dates, and a specimen of the seal of Cornworthy Priory.

FINE ART.

Salon Illustré de 1879. Publié sous la direction de F. G. Dumas. (Paris: Baschet; London: British and Foreign Artists' Association.)

WHEN the Salon opened last spring, M. Dumas produced a Catalogue Illustré, which was a much more serious work than the Illustrated Catalogue as known to us; it was approved by the Administration, and sold side by side with the official catalogue of the Exhibition. Not only were the "get-up," the printing, and the paper better than those which we seem to think sufficiently good for a like purpose, but the illustrations themselves—drawn in every instance by the authors of the works represented—were of an order which contrasted with the rather comic sketches to which we are accustomed.

Under these conditions, the publication had a great success; at the close of the Exhibition, M. Dumas decided to give a permanent form to the work, and as soon as this was known he received contributions from all sides to the already important collection of drawings in his hands. It was at first proposed to accompany the new and enlarged issue of the drawings with a few lines from the criticisms by which the appearance of the pictures which they represented had been greeted in the journals of the day, but these furnished, only in rare instances, exactly that which was appropriate. Thereupon M. Dumas called the poets instead of the critics to his aid, and the result is a collection of verse which will be, perhaps, as curiously interesting to the students of modern French poetical literature as the drawings and etchings which it accompanies must be to the student of modern French art. The most various shades of feeling, of expression, and of manner are represented, from the light *vers de société* of Louis Paté to the grave and somewhat bitter mood of Aicard. A patriotic passion animates the lines in which Erekmann-Chatrian completes the full meaning of *Le Cadeau d'un Grand Père* by Alphonse Pabst; the exquisitely graceful verse of François Coppée suggests the pathetic aspect of the incident brilliantly rendered by Berne Bellecour in *Sur le Terrain*; and the spirit of the "modern" realistic school breathes with a certain savage but unmistakable energy in the appropriate lines by Gustave Vinot which comment M. Butin's *Femme d'un Marin*. But among the most perfect in form and finish in the whole series must be ranked the little poem "Un Ange au Ciel," in which M. Jean Aicard describes M. Rougeron's picture *Funérailles d'un Enfant en Andalousie*. One cannot but regret that space forbids the quoting of this delicate marvel of art, which wears a shape of the barest simplicity.

The sketch made by M. Rougeron for his

picture, which is here reproduced, comes fairly well, and there are few indeed out of the long series of two hundred drawings which do not present some point of interest, for the photographic process employed gives us—as no engraving, however excellent and faithful, can do—the actual touch, the individual imprint, of each master. If we allow for the accidents of printing, which sometimes blacken that which should be fair, and sometimes leave all delicate and pale just those passages which require strength and force of colour, we shall find that these reproductions furnish us with much curious and accurate information as to the special gifts or defects of each well-known master. Of course, they vary very greatly, and for two reasons: in the first place, it has ceased to be the prevailing custom of the French school to work out their subjects elaborately before beginning to paint, and therefore a hasty note which indicates only the position of the different planes is often the only record to be obtained from its author of a picture the whole effect of which depends on the most delicately fine gradations of tone; in the second place, there are the enormous differences made by character, by temperament, by power, which are never more conspicuous than in a collection of this nature. M. Billet's *Avant la Pêche* is one of the most remarkably successful. The grace, the freshness, and the living truth of movement which he has put into his little fisher girls is even more visible in his lovely drawing than in his painting. The figures are admirably grouped, as they lie listlessly chatting on the sands, waiting till the tide shall ebb slowly out and leave free paths to the recesses of the rocks—recesses which imprison the clear pools of water in which the little maidens will find work for the shrimping nets, now tossed carelessly on one side. There is one little girl, with her back to us, who looks very lazy, playing with a straw, but M. Billet has made us feel, with a master's art, by the wicked twirl of her limbs—expressive of immense readiness to be up and off at any moment—that she is really the most energetic creature of the whole group. In quite a different way, M. Flameng's *La Berge de la Seine, à Ivry*, is equally noticeable, and here we have a sketch which shows a marvellous facility for indicating an infinite variety of relations of tone in half-a-dozen lines. M. Casanova, also, in a drawing intensely personal in manner, touched with keen wit, and characterised by sharp observation, gives us the central group from his *Mariage d'un Prince*; but his method of work shows with even happier effect in an etching which he has contributed to the collection of "Eaux-fortes" which accompanies the *Salon Illustré*. Of the three figures, seen at half-length, which form the subject of this brilliant little plate, it is difficult to say which—the self-conscious, supercilious beauty, or the two shameless old monks, who indiscreetly murmur confidences and comments close at her ear—is touched with the finer point of satire, and the sensitive delicacy of the workmanship is rewarded by that valued richness of colour which is often vainly sought for by means of loaded black.

After looking at work so exceptionally full of character and variety of value, even M.

Veyrassat's graphic needle seems a little commonplace, though, in *Un Renseignement*, the central group—the horses, white and black, the attendant wagoner, and the impatient keeper with his dogs in leash—challenges attention with all the striking vividness and luminousness of effect which could be ensured by his long-practised skill. Yet one other of these etchings must have serious notice, and that is M. Gaillard's rendering of his portrait of Monseigneur de S. . . , which was, in its way, one of the most remarkable portraits of last year's Salon. Oddly enough, the execution is totally different from that which one would expect from a study of M. Gaillard's engraved work, and totally different, too, from the method of M. Casanova; it is broad and strong and simple, and yet equally full of minute observation, intensely personal, yet expressive of wholly different character—serious, rather than satirical; profound, rather than witty. One regrets, in the etching, the absence of the hands, which in the picture deserved as much study as the head.

The sketches furnished by the principal sculptors are less successful as a rule than those of the painters, and curiously enough the works of those who show a picturesque rather than a sculptural intention are the best represented. The slight sketch, too, often fails to give the drawing the quality of line on which the effect of a statue or group really depends, but is generally happy in rendering anything like animation of movement. Notwithstanding this, there are exceptions, and one or two works—notably in the second part of M. Dumas' publication—are very satisfactorily recorded.

The second part of the *Salon Illustré*, it should be said, is exclusively devoted to works recompensed by the jury, and these are accompanied by the official list of the medals and decorations conferred by the Administration and a catalogue of the paintings and sculptures purchased by the State. In this way M. Dumas has succeeded in giving to his *Salon Illustré* a permanent and documentary value which will make it a most useful work of reference for all those engaged in the study of modern French art.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

GOthic CHURCHES IN CYPRUS.

THE cathedral church of Haghia Sophia—at Christ, that is, as the Divine Wisdom—at Nicosia is, in spite of Turkish vandalism, and its degradation to the condition of a mosque, a perfect gem of the beautiful Gothic architecture of the Lusignan dynasty. It is a large and extremely lofty church, with nave and side aisles terminating in apses, lateral chapels, and two noble western towers, which are now truncated above the second story, and further defaced by the addition of two minarets of poor design and proportions. Extending across the west front and under the towers is a noble portico, with three great doorways towards the west, and from this the church is entered by three other doorways of white marble, with highly enriched decorated mouldings. The western window of geometrical tracery is of no less than twelve lights, and is situated one bay back from the front of the portico, above which, doubtless, there was originally the tracery of another window without glass. It would be hard to find either in England or France more

exquisite windows of two lights than the two in the north-western tower. The lofty nave is of six bays, and, although there is no triforium, is of striking dignity from the great height of the columns, which have Corinthianising capitals, and from the noble proportions of the clear-story windows. Externally, the bays of the nave and octagonal apsidal choir are divided by quatrefoiled flying buttresses. Except in the great west window the glass has been all removed, and the space filled with plaster, perforated with various Arabesque designs, of which the internal effect is not by any means bad, although, outside, the careless execution of the lattices interferes with the remarkable beauty of the tracery. The whole of the interior of the church has been whitewashed, the capitals of the pillars being painted green. As is often the case in churches which have been desecrated to Mohammedan worship, the effect of the interior is, as far as possible, destroyed by the prayer-carpet and other fittings being all turned southwards, the *Kibleh*, or point towards Meccah, being in that direction. Some of the carpets, although in bad repair, are of great beauty. The whole church is built of a warm yellow limestone, and with the surrounding buildings, several of which are also of Gothic architecture, forms a noble group. Many of the old incised tombstones with Norman-French inscriptions still exist, and on the exterior are many undefaced coats of arms, one of which, bearing three pine cones, struck me as curious.

Near Haghia Sophia, to the south, is another beautiful Gothic church of the decorated style, that of S. Nicolas, now used as a grain store. It has a central octagonal dome and an octagonal apse. The north porch is of extreme beauty. Over the door still stands the figure of the patron in the act of benediction, and near it is a sculpture in white marble representing the death of the Blessed Virgin, in perfect preservation. It was intended to purchase this noble church, execute the few necessary repairs, and use it for the worship of the Church of England, for which, in all respects, it is admirably suited. The authorities of the mosque, however, represented that it would be an insult to their religion if British Christians worshipped God so near their own mosque—the other side of the street—and so, with characteristic British subservience to Muslim fanaticism, this excellent plan was abandoned, and the Turks were allowed to score another point against "the English dog!" North-east of the cathedral is another very interesting mosque, formerly the Church of Santa Katerina. The tall, almost lancet-shaped windows, of two lights, have early decorated tracery, which vies in beauty with that of the windows of Merton Chapel at Oxford. The fine south door is square-headed, with a gable above. The western front has likewise a fine door, but its effect is marred by the addition of a trumpery minaret. The roof is of grained stone. Outside there is a cornice with dogtooth mouldings. I should have mentioned that the windows are filled with plaster lattice work of extremely pleasing design.

Several of the Greek churches and domestic buildings in Nicosia are either more or less of Gothic architecture, or show manifest signs of its influence, the pointed arch and dog-tooth moulding being of constant occurrence.

Second only, if not equal in beauty, to the Cathedral of Nicosia is the great church of the Haghia Sophia at Famagosta. This splendid church, which, like its namesake in the capital, is now a mosque, is likewise built in the rich style of decorated Gothic. The doorway of the precinct to the side of the western entrance is remarkable as being round-headed and for an intermixture of rich decorated mouldings with the earlier chevron. The effect of this is so

good that one is tempted to regret that the latter was ever abandoned. There are three western portals over the centre, one of which is a fine decorated window of six lights. The nave of six bays and the octagonal, apsidal choir, have immensely lofty decorated windows of two lights, with the most exquisite tracery possible. These glorious windows are divided by flying buttresses, and over each is a lofty gable inclosing roundels of rich sculpture. A remarkable, and, so far as I know, a unique, feature is that round the apse externally there extends an apparently coeval stone gallery under the clearstory, supported on massive corbels. The incised memorial slabs of the Lusignan period are even more numerous here than at Nicosia.

Famagosta is altogether a heap of ruins of noble buildings, including an extraordinary number of churches, among which a few Turks burrow in wretched hovels. The miserable appearance of the place is explained by the fact that the Turks permitted no Christian Cypriots to live within the walls. These last have a flourishing village outside. The massive walls of Famagosta date from the Venetian occupation. The port-gate still exhibits the Lion of S. Mark in white marble, with the name Nicolao Priolo and the date A.D. 1496. Lying about in various parts of the ruins are numerous columns and other fragments of Greek sculpture, which came, doubtless, from the neighbouring site of Salamis. The Conak has a picturesque Venetian gateway, into which four ancient columns have been worked with good effect.

GREVILLE J. CHESTER.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S FRESCO.

THE fresco recently finished by the President of the Royal Academy in one of the lunettes of the South Court of the South Kensington Museum is in many ways a work of no ordinary importance. It is of unusual size, is painted by a new method, and the subject is one of a class not usually selected for so large a picture, though, as we have already said, very appropriate to the gallery which it decorates.

This subject is *The Arts as applied to War*, illustrated by a scene from the interior of an armourers' yard in Italy during the Middle Ages—a subject not, indeed, calling for those higher powers of imagination which the President has so often shown, but admirably adapted to display his genius in composition and refined sense of beauty in form and colour.

The interest of the design is not concentrated, but dispersed pretty equally over the whole composition, the principal figures being divided into two large masses, composed of the armourers' workmen and their customers, one on each side of a fortified gateway, through which are seen two mailed warriors on horseback, with a white banner worked in gold. Above and behind, flights of steps rise to other parts of the city, which is adorned with terraces and orange groves, and surmounted by a fortress with tall machicolated tower, standing out against the blue sky, barred with white clouds. On the battlements on either side of the gate are groups of figures—that on the right inspecting a flag, that on the left trying different forms of target. The severity of the architectural forms introduced, broken with animated figures and bright colours, gives dignity and repose to this elaborate background.

The central figure in each of the principal groups in the armourers' yard is a handsome youth of proud bearing. On the body of one, two armourers are busy fitting the breastplate of a suit of gilt armour; the other, in a white jacket embroidered with gold, and crimson trunk hose embroidered with vandykes round the thighs, is critically examining a sword. The great resemblance between the two youths and their confident demeanour suggest that they

are brothers and of high birth. Each of them is surrounded by other youths of different types of beauty, all earnestly devoted to the fitting and choosing of armour and swords. The artist has succeeded in giving the utmost variety of posture and expression consistent with the employment of his characters and the almost statuesque reserve which rules the composition.

In the immediate foreground on the left is a beautiful woman seated on the ground embroidering tabards. In this as in the other groups the variety of action and expression is remarkable. While each gesture is natural and fit, and each face simple and unaffected, they are united, not only by mere skill of line and hue, but by a common spirit of delight in the exercise of artistic intelligence, into a group of singularly harmonious beauty.

In colour as in form this fresco shows the well-known skill of the artist. From top to bottom and from side to side there is an endless play and counterplay of those rich rather than brilliant colours which Sir Frederick Leighton most affects. Mulberry and citron, saffron and plum, damson and orange, with continuous alternation of gentle contrast and tender harmony, broken here and there with a broad space of delicate white and brightened with gleams of different metals, make the picture an unwearying feast of colour from a near view.

Of the effect of the picture at the distance at which it should be seen it is still difficult to form an opinion, for its position is singularly unfortunate. The extreme end of the gallery is too far, the passage in front of it too close, and from below it cannot be seen at all. It will be necessary to throw out a balcony from the side of the court to see the fresco fully from the right place. Some of the brighter masses of colour, especially the orange lining of the robe of the crossbow-man on the right, appear to be too intense in relation to the rest. At a little distance it has much the same effect as a fresh orange would have in a box of preserved fruits.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT has completed the large work in sculpture on which he has been occupied for some time past. It is a figure, six feet high, of the huntress Diana; she pauses, as she moves through the forest, at the sight of her quarry, and the right hand is bent over her shoulder to take an arrow from the quiver at her back, while the left pulls her hound, which has strayed on to her right side. This action, by which the leash presses her hand against her side, gives novelty to the pose of the figure, and compresses the composition. The goddess is lightly draped in a single garment of thin material, which falls in severe folds over the bands that girdle it. There can be no doubt that this work will attract great attention in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It is at once singularly original and full of poetical dignity, and must be pronounced to show a remarkable advance in the development of the artist.

WE are authorised to confirm the report that Mr. Hamerton will very shortly present himself as a candidate for the Watson Gordon Chair of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW AND Co. will in future publish *The Etcher*. The April part will contain "My First Muff," by H. R. Robertson; "Fishing Boats off Hastings," by David Law; and "The Haymaker," by J. W. Buxton Knight.

THE exhibition of the City of London Society of Artists at the Hall of the Skinners' Company in Dowgate Hill is well worth a visit. It is especially rich in sculpture, some of which is advantageously placed for view, although the pieces arranged in the vestibule are insuffi-

ciently lighted. By far the most important of them is the marble statue of *Lot's Wife*, by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, which has been already exhibited at the Royal Academy, but which was there so placed that it could be seen from one side only; while as it stands now, at the City exhibition, the spectator can see it from all sides. It is a grand figure, the rigid look overspreading it being excellently given, while the turn of the head on the neck and the chiselling of the hand holding the jewels are specially good. By Mr. Thornycroft are also a spirited sketch for a statue of Sir Rowland Hill and a portrait-bust of a gentleman. Mr. T. Nelson Maclean has some small and graceful designs for figures of *Ione* and *A Sea Nymph*, and two busts which give the impression of being good likenesses. Mr. Boehm has several of his careful busts of members of the Royal Family, and Mr. C. B. Birch a bust of the present Lord Mayor, who is the president of this, the first exhibition of the society. Of the paintings, there are several that are interesting in the larger room, of which three heads by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma-Tadema, and Mr. Calderon are pleasing; they are, however, less pictures than studies from the life. Mr. Tadema has added to the attractiveness of his very pretty brunette by placing in her hand some lovely orchids, which the lady holds in a Venetian glass before her face; whether through coyness, or in order to hide her mouth, is scarcely explained. Mr. John Collier has most successfully painted a conservatory full of orchids as a background to his portrait of the late Mr. Serjeant Cox, which would seem to be a good likeness, although the flesh tints are rather pink. Mr. John White has some very pretty rural scenes, and Mr. Reid some charming studies of old-fashioned gardens with figures, one of which, called *Her Own Garden*, shows a quaint lady crouching down digging with a trowel in the favourite manner of ladies; by the whole arrangement of the flowers anyone would know at a glance that no other than a lady—and a strange lady—could have had the digging and planting of that unusual garden. By Mr. Yeend King are some slight studies, which are effective, as his paintings usually are; but they do not bear long inspection, their attractiveness not being borne out by any thorough work. Among the drawings are not many to linger over. Miss Clara Montalba has a water-colour note of *Mazorbo, near Venice*, which is striking through its simplicity; her painting of a bridge, called *Thames at Sunset*, is not quite worthy of her. We regret to see so many examples of a past school of cottage sentimentality here, as also a fairy piece with sheep, of the style that even publishers of infants' picture-books would now consider as unworthy of the approval of their juvenile public.

THE next series of the Society of Arts' Cantor Lectures will be on "The Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses," by Mr. Robert W. Edis.

AMBROGIO FOPPA, surnamed Caradosso, was an eminent Italian goldsmith and medallist of the early part of the sixteenth century. He is spoken of in terms of high praise by his contemporaries, Benvenuto Cellini and Vasari, and was a favourite artist at the Courts of Ludovico Sforza, Julius II., Leo X., and Clement VII. Beyond this not much is known about his history, not even the date of his death. Recently, however, M. Eugène Müntz, in the course of his indefatigable researches in Italian documents, has hit upon the will of this worthy, which proves him to have been living in December 1526, but, as he speaks of himself as being then "ill and infirm," it is probable that he died shortly after, as M. Piot has conjectured. At the Universal French Exhibition some old Milanese bas-reliefs in bronze were lent by M. Dreyfus, one of which was attributed to Caradosso. The text of his

will, which is written in Latin, is given in the *Chronique des Arts* of last week in full.

A NEW etching by M. Tissot, from his picture of *The Emigrants*, exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery last year, will shortly be published by Messrs. Dowdeswell. The plate is a very successful one, the figures of the young mother and child (the emigrants) being distinguished by much sweetness, while the forest of masts which constitute the background are executed with all M. Tissot's well-known power.

THE *Revue Critique* states that the collection of weapons at the Château de Pierrefonds is to be incorporated with the artillery museum at the Invalides. It comprises about 600 pieces, including a unique white French coat-of-mail of 1430, fine helmets, Renaissance bucklers in *reposé* work, &c., and French weapons of which there was no specimen in the artillery museum.

COL. ADOLF VON SEUBERT, a writer on military subjects and the translator into German of the works of Byron, Sterne, Beaumont and Fletcher, George Sand, Puschkin, and Lope de Vega, died at Cannstatt last month at the age of sixty-one. Col. Seubert took a great interest in art subjects, and latterly turned his knowledge of art history to account by editing the second edition of Müller's *Allgemeines Künstlerlexikon*. This useful dictionary, which is now generally known as *Seubert's Lexikon*, was in great part re-written by him. It has not been long completed.

THE last few numbers of *L'Art* have been greatly enlivened by a very amusing description given by M. Louis Leroy of the lady students of the Louvre (*"Pensionnaires du Louvre—Classe des Dames"*), who work in the galleries at copying the pictures of the Great Masters. The writer, accompanied by his friend, M. Potet, an irrepressible "impressionniste," is supposed to make a peregrination through the Louvre, visiting all the easels set up by the lady students, and indulging in much lively conversation and flirtation with the fair painters. Young and old, grave and frivolous, all come in for a share of M. Potet's amusing criticism, and have their various characteristics hit off with keen appreciation. These literary sketches are accompanied by some extremely clever drawings by M. Paul Renouard, who makes us intimately acquainted with the stout, middle-aged Frenchwoman whose speciality it is to copy Prud'hon's picture of *Divine Justice pursuing Crime*; with the daring coquette who, making eyes at the critic, is rewarded by his telling her that the eyes of the Virgin she is painting have a decided squint; with the dashing young woman who copies, "de préférence, les tableaux galants," and has a great demand for her works; with the industrious old lady whose eyesight is failing, but who continues diligently to reproduce the works of Hubert Robert; with the lady who only copies the most insignificant portions of pictures, having achieved a reputation at one time by her admirable rendering of the glove in Titian's celebrated portrait known as *L'Homme au Gant*. These and several other typical portraits are all rendered by M. Renouard in a manner that shows a keen insight into character and a power of expressing it by art which rival several of the celebrated French caricaturists who have preceded him.

M. O. HENRY, of Paris, will publish in about a fortnight, under the auspices of the Society for the History of French Art, some inedited Memoirs of Ch. Nicolas Cochin, relating to the Comte de Caylus, Bouchardon, and the Slodtzes. Messrs. de Goncourt deplore the disappearance of these memoirs in their book on *L'Art du dix-huitième Siècle* and their study on *Mme. de Pompadour*. The editor has supplemented Cochin's part in this publication with an Intro-

duction and an Appendix. In the latter appear for the first time the wills of Slodtz, jun., and Cochin, as well as a catalogue of some MSS. formerly belonging to Caylus and a list of inedited or very scarce works of the Count.

THE death is announced of Edouard Girardet, the well-known Swiss painter and engraver.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

AT the first concert of the Bach Choir on Tuesday evening, March 16, was given an excellent performance of Brahms' Requiem. This, one of the composer's finest works, was written in 1867, and first performed in England by the Philharmonic Society in 1873. The difficult music was rendered with great accuracy, precision, and feeling. The choir also greatly distinguished itself in the singing of the Gloria (written in six parts, unaccompanied) from Palestrina's celebrated Missa Papae Marcelli. The programme likewise included Bach's Magnificat in D, and an eight-part anthem ("Lift up thine eyes") by Sir John Goss. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt deserves great praise for his conducting, and for the careful rehearsals which must have preceded such a fine choral display.

The Philharmonic Society gave their fourth concert on Thursday, March 18. Herr Joachim was the violinist, and was heard in Brahms' concerto. This work was performed last season in London, and, though perhaps not one of the composer's greatest works, improves much on further acquaintances. Herr Joachim played with great skill and feeling. He gave further proofs of his marvellous powers by a most finished rendering of Bach's Sarabande and Bourrée, from suite in B minor. The symphonies were Haydn in B flat and Schumann in C. The latter was executed with great care and vigour. Mrs. Osgood was the vocalist.

At the Crystal Palace on Saturday was performed for the first time a characteristic suite for orchestra, "In the Black Forest," by F. Corder, who was elected Mendelssohn scholar under the Mendelssohn fund in 1875. It is a piece of genuine programme music in five movements bearing the following titles:—(1) "Sunrise," (2) "The Brooklet," (3) "Noontide Stillness," (4) "The Echo," (5) "Evening at the Inn." The composer, we are told, reckons this as his first work, and as such it is certainly one of promise. The ideas are clearly expressed, they are developed with some skill, and the orchestration is delicate and effective; but the influence of Mendelssohn obscures both the quantity and quality of the composer's individuality. Herr Barth was the pianist, and gave us another opportunity of admiring his perfect mechanism and wonderful command of the instrument by a performance of Chopin's difficult concerto in F minor. The programme included Beethoven's symphony in C minor. Mr. Santley was the vocalist.

On Monday evening the last of the Popular Concerts of the present series took place. Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Mdlle. Janotha were the pianists. The former performed with Signor Piatti three short duets of Rubinstein, and the latter gave three of Schumann's charming *Phantasies*—"Grillen," "Warum," and "In der Nacht"—and for an encore his "Arabesque." Both ladies were in excellent play; Mdlle. Janotha especially charmed her hearers by her refined and poetical rendering of Schumann's tone pictures. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, and closed with some of Brahms' and Joachim's Hungarian dances. Mr. Santley was the vocalist. Mr. Arthur Chappell has, we believe, every reason to be satisfied with the results of the now concluded twenty-second season.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

THEATRES.

COURT THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.
To-night, at 8, a Play, in five acts,
THE OLD LOVE and the NEW.
By BROOKS AND J. ALBERT. Messrs. Coghill, Fisher, Leathes, Price, Dacre, Holman, Bean, Douglas, Philpotts, and Anson; Misses 2, Rosalie, Emery, Giffard, J. Rosalie, and White.
Morning Performance of "The Old Love and the New," Saturday, April 3, at 2. Box-office from 11 till 5. No fees.

DUKE'S THEATRE, Holborn.

Managers, HOLT and WILSON.
LAST NIGHT OF
THE BATTLE OF THE HEART.
Mr. Clarence Holt, Miss Fanny Brough, &c.
NOTICE.—EASTER MONDAY.—Special engagement of the Irish and German comedians, Messrs. Baker and Farron, in their characteristic drama of CONRAD and LIZETTE, as performed by them with immense success in Australia, New Zealand, India, China, America, California, &c.

DRURY LANE.—EASTER MONDAY.

Grand Reproduction of
LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
Mdlle. d'Anka, A. Barville, K. Sullivan, H. Mapleson, Ewell, Mr. W. Morgan, S. Arnold, W. Wallace, Brewster, F. Wyatt, Promoters, dances, Mdlle. Palladino, C. Fisher, Percival Hudson. Opera Band, Chorus of 120. Conductor, Mr. Wallerstein. Miss-on-scene by Augustus Harris. Magnificent dresses by Augustus & Co. and J. May. Scenery by H. Emden and W. Cuthbert.
Preceded by
LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.
Miss Louise Mouldie, N. Harris, Dolores Drummond, and Mr. Gibson. Box-office now open.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
To-night, at 8, in three pieces (for a few nights only),
THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.
At 9, the celebrated trial, BARDELL v. PICKWICK.
At 10, OUR CLEVER IN THE QUIET.
Doors open at 7. Prices 1s. to 23s. Box office 11 till 5. No fees for booking. "The Upper Crust," a new and original comic drama, in three acts, by H. J. BYRON, will shortly be produced.

GLOBE THEATRE

will RE-OPEN on SATURDAY NEXT, March 27, with
THE NAVAL CADETS.
Opera Comique, in three acts, composed by RICHARD GIFFARD. Supported by Mesdames Sellus Dolara, St. Quintin, Violet Cameron; Messrs. Harry by Paulton, Lordan, W. E. Gregory, Newton, Mitchell, and powerful company. New and magnificent scenery by Messrs. E. Ryan, Spang, and W. Hann. Costumes by Moss and Mdlle. Allen. Furniture by Mr. S. Lyon. Full band and chorus. Conductor, Mr. Edward Solomon.
Preceded by the celebrated Irish Farce,
BORED TO GOOD LUCK,
in which Mr. Shiel Barry and full company will appear. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. H. B. Farnie.
Box-office open daily from 11 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. R. D'ALBERTSON.

IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Shakespeare's Comedy, AS YOU LIKE IT.
Every afternoon at 8, in which Messrs. Lionel Brough, Herman Verin, W. Farren, Kyrie Bellwe, F. Everill, E. F. Edgar, J. Baunister, C. Cox, G. Courtney, F. Charles, E. Albrooke, F. Stephens, G. Trevor, C. Bush, and Miss Liddell, Miss Cresswell, Miss Gresham, Miss Myrtle Hudson will appear.
The overture and incidental music selected and arranged by Mr. Barnard from the works of Dr. Arne, Bishop, Farren, Martin, and C. Horne. The Comedy produced under the personal superintendence of Miss Liddell.
Stage Manager, Mr. Cox.
The doors open at 2.30; Overture at 2.45; Comedy precisely at 3. Carriages 5.45.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.
M. LE MARCHANT OF VENICE.
Every evening, at 8.15.
SHYLOCK.—Mr. IRVING. PORTIA.—Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Morning Performances of the MERCHANT OF VENICE every Saturday, at 2 o'clock, during April.
SHYLOCK.—Mr. IRVING. PORTIA.—Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Box Office open Ten to Five, under the direction of Mr. J. HURST, where seats can be booked six weeks in advance.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.

200 yards from the Angel.
Proprietor and Manager, Miss S. F. BATEMAN.
SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.—At the close of this series of performances Mrs. Bateman begs to acknowledge the kindly reception her effort to revive these great works at the old home of the classic drama has received from press and public, and to announce that during the next season she trusts to worthily present "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," "Richard III.," "King John," "Henry VIII.," &c., to the patronage of NEW SADLER'S WELLS.
SATURDAY, MARCH 27th, and every subsequent evening, at 8, TOM TAYLOR's great Drama, CLANCARTY.
With new and appropriate scenery, dresses, and appointments.
CLANCARTY.—Mr. W. H. VERNON.
LADY CLANCARTY.—Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.
Prices from 6d. to 7s. 6d. No fees.

OPERA COMIQUE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. D'OLY CARTE.
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.
A new and original Comic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN, will be produced on SATURDAY EVENING, April 2.
Contractors by Messrs. George Gresham, Fowler, Richard Temple, Richard Barrington, George Temple, &c.; Mesdames Marian Hood, Dand, Wynne, La Rue, and Everard. The piece produced under the personal direction of the author and composer.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.
This evening, at 7.50, an original Comedietta,
A HAPPY PAIR.
By S. THYRE SMITH. At 8.40, HERMAN MERRYWELL and F. C. GEORGE'S original Play,
FUBBER-ME-NOT.
(By arrangement with Miss Genevieve Ward.)
Miss Genevieve Ward (in her original character, Forget-me-Not), Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Kate Pattison, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Layton, Mr. John Clay, Mr. Fleckhorn, Mr. J. G. Shore, Mr. Ian Robertson, and Mr. Edgar Bruce.
No fees of any description. The Box-office open daily between 11 and 5. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS. Doors open at 7.30.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

This Theatre will RE-OPEN on EASTER MONDAY (March 29), when will be produced a new Farce in Comedy, adapted from the French of VICTORIN SARDOU, and entitled THEMIS.
Followed by
BALLOONACY.
Supported by the following powerful company:—Mesdames Amalia, Lilian Lancaster, Marie Williams, Emilie Copey, Clara Douglas, and Rose Cullen; Messrs. Charles Ashford, E. Strick, S. Wilkinson, E. Irving, and Charles Groves. Stage Manager, Mr. CHARLES HARRIS.
Box-office open daily from 11 to 5. No Booking Fees.